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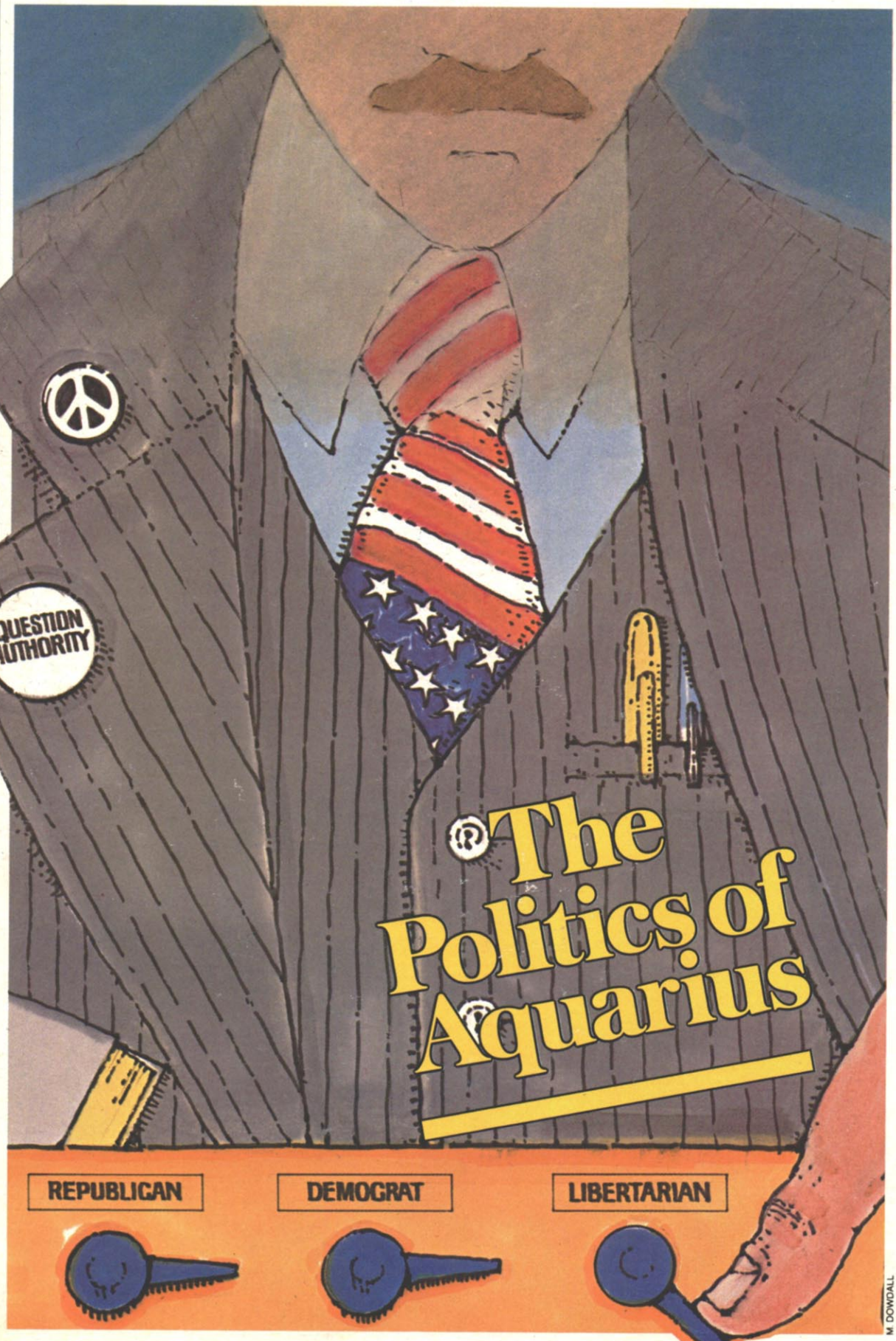

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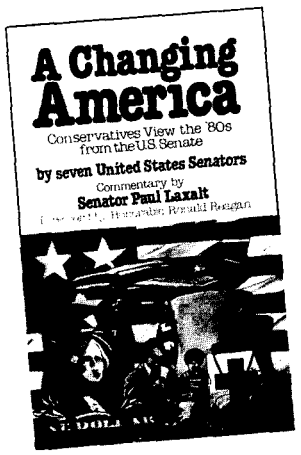
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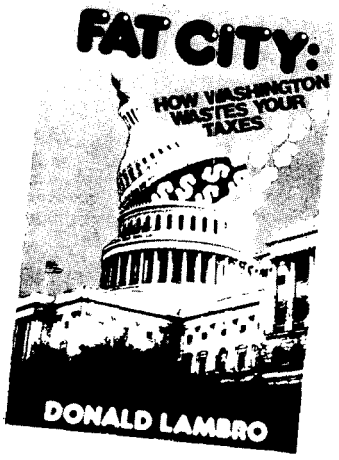

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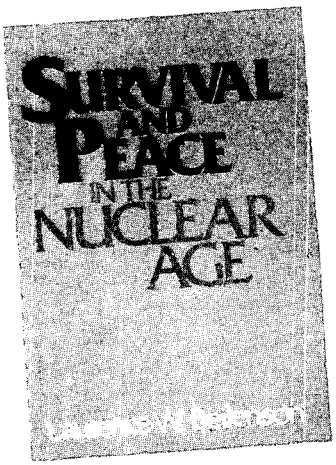

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THE LIBERTARIAN REVIEW

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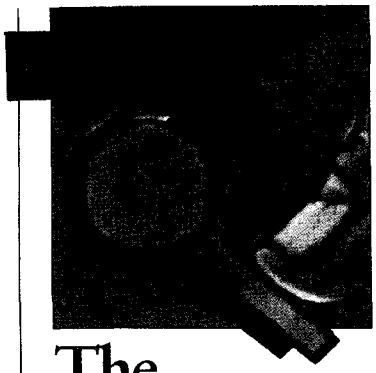

The Politics of Aquarius

Ever since Ronald Reagan's election last Fall, the pundits have been studying the new President's favorite think tanks as though they were tealeaves, pregnant with signs of the future. *LR*'s West Coast Editor explains why they'd be better off studying demographics instead.

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"I REALIZE YOU GOT NO OPENINGS JUST NOW, RON. BUT HOWS ABOUT I NEGOTIATE A COUPLE OF TREATIES FOR YOU ON SPEC...THEN IF YOU LIKE 'EM"...
COPLEY NEWS SERVICE

The lesson of the hostages

SINCE THE RETURN OF the American hostages from Iran early this year, many Americans, predictably, have taken up and brandished the "Never Again!" standard: Never Again will the United States be allowed to fall into such an embarrassing situation. Never Again will the United States be humiliated by a bunch of fanatics. Never Again will the United States be pushed around by some little two-bit country and its tin-horn dictator.

All this is fine by us. We couldn't hope more earnestly that no comparable crisis will ever happen again. We only wish the men and women who shape and direct the foreign policy of the United States felt the same way.

There is no more clear-cut example of the failure of America's interventionist foreign policy than the Iranian hostage crisis. That crisis was born of direct American intervention in Iranian internal affairs, an intervention dating as far back as the early 1940s. The taking of the hostages should have been anything but surprising, for at least two reasons. First, because the Carter administration had been warned by its own ambassador in Teheran that such an event could occur, and did nothing to prevent it. Second, because even without such a warning, what could have been more predictable than that Iranian revolutionaries, furious after decades of U.S. domination of their affairs, would take violent reprisals against American citizens?

The action of the Iranian militants in taking the hostages, and the action of the Iranian government in holding them, were barbarous and unconscionable, showing no regard whatsoever for the individual rights of the hostages themselves. But a barbarous, unconscionable disregard for individual rights has been characteristic of Iranian policy since World War II, and for many years the U.S. sanctioned it—from the CIA-inspired *coup* which reinstalled the Shah in 1953, to the unwavering U.S. support of the Shah and his despotic regime throughout the '50s, '60s, and '70s. The behavior of the Iranian militant revolutionaries and the beheadings and stonings of "deviants" under the Ayatollah Khomeini merely continue a time-honored Iranian tradition.

If the rulers of Iran wish to continue treating individual human beings in this manner—as pawns to be sacrificed for the health of the state—then that is a problem to be settled by the people of Iran. The United States must not perpetuate such behavior through its own foreign policy, either in its future dealings with Iran or with any other nation.

Yet there is not one glimmer of evidence to suggest that the molders of U.S. foreign policy

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in the Reagan administration will change its direction so as to avoid future situations comparable to the Iranian hostage crisis. Those who stoutly declare, "Never again!" only hope to see to it that our future interventions in the affairs of other nations don't fail, because the sheer, raw power and coercive economic leverage of the United States government will enable it to bulldoze anything and anyone in its path.

This is like calling for 50 more gallons of gasoline because the five gallons you already used wasn't enough to put out the fire. The flaw is in the premise. The failures of U.S. intervention haven't happened because the U.S. wasn't strong enough or because the interventions weren't "done right." Intervention fails because it *must* fail, sooner or later. It breeds resistance and reprisal in the victim nation, and economic and civil turmoil at home; and no government is so big or so strong or so wealthy that it can crush these reactions permanently.

Surely the American experience in Vietnam and in Iran should have taught us that. Surely the foreign policy makers in the U.S. government are capable of understanding it. If they do, then they must realize that the only way they could ever say, "Never again!" and mean it, is by challenging the interventionist premise of American foreign policy and changing its direction toward nonintervention, with a scrupulous respect for the individual rights of people everywhere as its guiding principle.

The return of the American hostages could be the final chapter in the history of U.S. intervention abroad, if the Reagan administration were willing to make it so. Then and only then could the declaration "Never again!" ring with genuine assurance and truth.

—Chris Hocker

Acting the part

RONALD REAGAN HAS been President of the United States only a few weeks as you read this. Any estimate of his performance in office to date would thus be premature, to say the least. Yet, with nearly a quarter of the new year gone and all last Fall's most pressing problems continuing to press down upon us with enervating force, Americans are understandably anxious for answers. What kind of President will Reagan prove to be? What will be the dangers of his administration?

Those looking for answers to such questions at this early point in the new administration's life could do worse than recall President Reagan's inaugural address of two months ago, the speech with which he accepted the power we're now all wondering how he'll wield. That speech was far more potent and powerful than most commentators allowed themselves to believe at the time. Delivered in Reagan's masterful style, the speech stressed two of the new President's most familiar themes: revitalizing the economy and getting government off the backs of the American people. Stylistically, the speech was simple, communicative, and direct. In its content, it was rich was rhetoric but hazy on specifics, as though a blanket of fog were being skillfully slipped over the nation, covering everything beneath it.

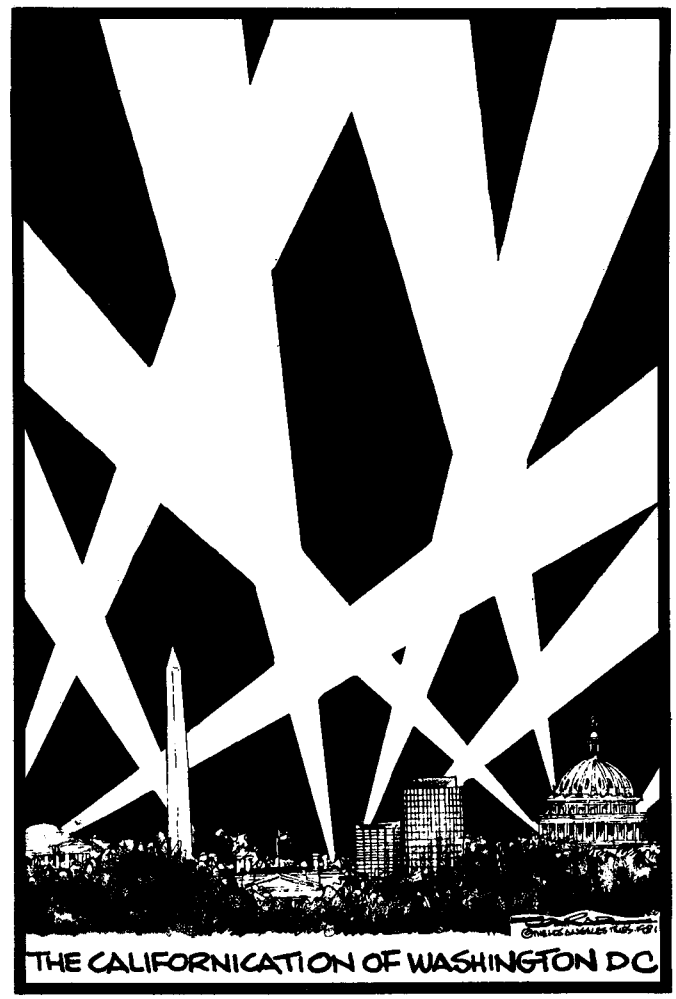
In that respect, Reagan's inaugural speech may very well give us a clue as to what to expect during the coming four years: a presidency deeply devoted to the rhetoric of liberty and to the politics of the *status quo,* a President who acts the part of a libertarian while waging war on individual freedom. The new Reagan administration is likely to be little different from all too many others which have preceded it. The only real difference will lie in how very much more skillful Ronald Reagan will be in his paeans to liberty than his predecessors. No President has ever had the gall, after all, to simply come out and attack liberty and freedom or to advocate hypocrisy, or to present himself as a friend of war and bloodshed and tyranny. Every leader of this nation, from the beginning, has posed as liberty's friend and benefactor.

Yet it is Ronald Reagan's very skill in evoking these common American traditions and images, his skill in appealing to the best in common American feelings and attitudes, which may very well mark his presidency as a particularly dangerous one, deserving of the utmost scrutiny by everyone, and particularly by libertarians, for whom true liberty is the highest political value.

Reagan's inaugural address stressed the greatness of the American people, and claimed that government was the problem, not the solution. So far, so good. The question then becomes: what does Ronald Reagan intend to do about it? Therein lies the rub. For there were subtler themes in that speech than the obstacles the federal government has managed to place in the path of human progress and achievement. Two of these themes were classic conservative themes.

One of them is the notion that the way to reduce the power of the federal government is by *adding* to the power of state and local governments. Conservatives argue that the closer a government function is to the people themselves, the less remote government power is likely to be, and the more connected with the values of people in the grassroots. Yet there is no reason to believe that the rights of individuals will be more fiercely defended by local or state governments than by the federal government. Nor is there any reason whatever to suppose that local and state governments are likely to be any less wasteful or mismanaged or corrupt than the federal government. This is one area where libertarians part company with conservatives: conservatives think certain powers should be reserved to state and local governments, while libertarians think they should be reserved to no government at all.

The second conservative theme voiced by Reagan in his inaugural address is bound up in the conservative conception of government. For libertarians, government is tolerable only when it restricts its functions to protecting individuals against violations of their right to live their own lives free from force or fraud. When it moves beyond that sphere (as it always has), it sets itself up as an enemy of liberty and becomes a predator and a tyrant. As Proudhon put it more than a hundred years ago, "Whoever lays his hand on me to govern me is a usurper and tyrant, and I declare him my enemy." For, he wrote, "To



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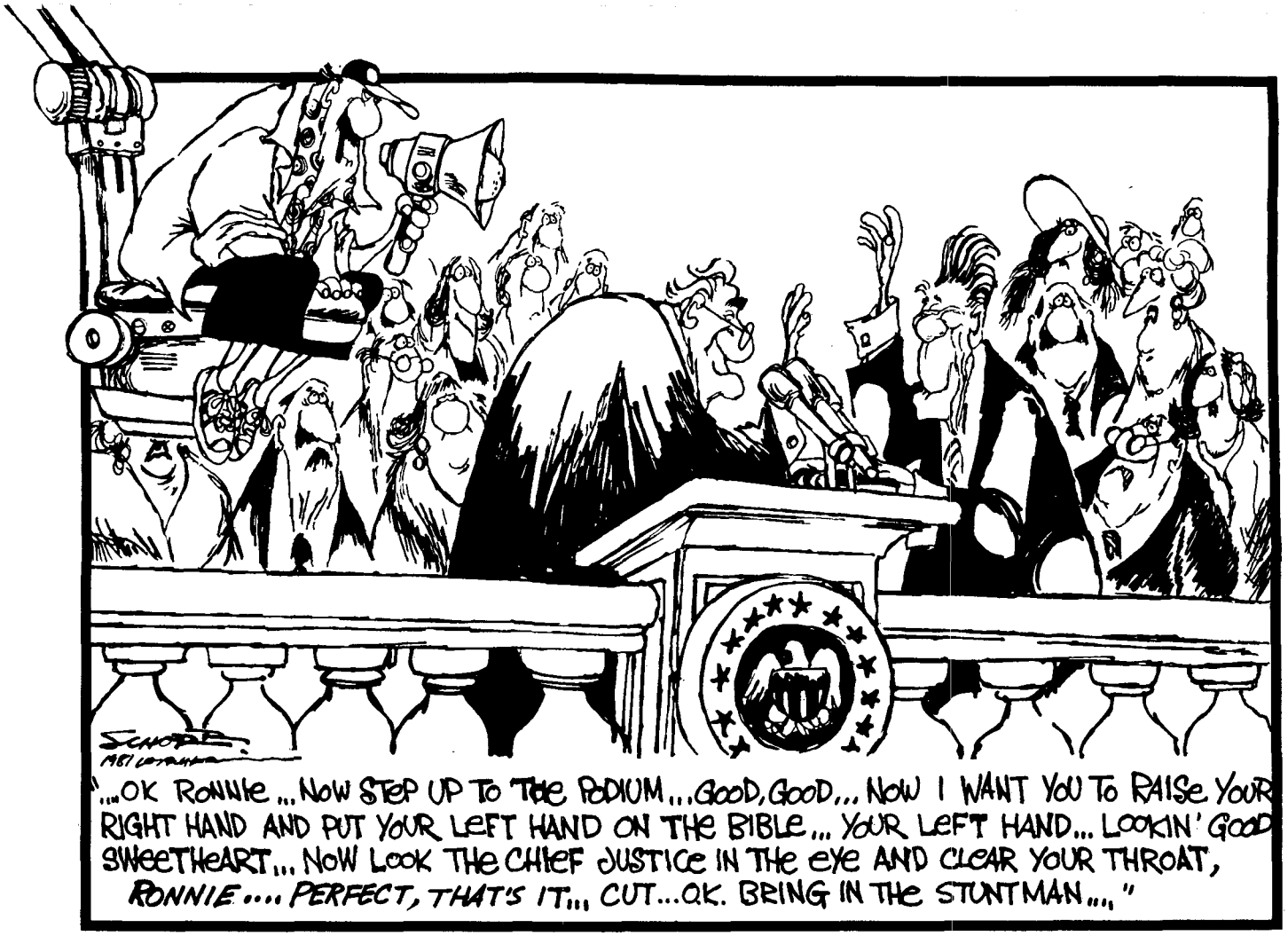
"...OK RONNIE ...NOW STEP UP TO THE PODIUM...GOOD, GOOD,.. NOW I WANT YOU TO RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND AND PUT YOUR LEFT HAND ON THE BIBLE... YOUR LEFT HAND... LOOKIN' GOOD SWEETHEART... NOW LOOK THE CHIEF JUSTICE IN THE EYE AND CLEAR YOUR THROAT, RONNIE.... PERFECT, THAT'S IT... CUT...O.K. BRING IN THE STUNTMAN..."

be governed is to be watched, inspected, spied upon, directed, lawridden, regulated, penned up, indoctrinated, preached at, checked, appraised, seized, censured, commanded, by beings who have neither title nor knowledge nor virtue. To be governed is to have every operation, every transaction, every movement noted, registered, counted, rated, stamped, measured, numbered, assessed, licensed, refused, authorized, endorsed, admonished, prevented, reformed, redressed, corrected."

The great libertarian H. L. Mencken saw this too, and saw also that it had not escaped the notice of the common people: "The average man, whatever his errors otherwise, at least sees clearly that government is something outside him and outside the generality of his fellow-men—that it is a separate, independent and often hostile power, only partly under his control, and capable of doing him great harm.... What lies behind all this, I believe, is a deep sense of the fundamental antagonism between the government and the people it governs. It is apprehended, not as a committee of citizens chosen to carry on the communal business of the whole population, but as a separate and autonomous corporation, mainly devoted to exploiting the population for the benefit of its own members."

Contrast this view, which often finds an echo in Reagan's speeches, with a far more fundamental attitude of the new President's—and of conservatives generally. "Now so there will be no misunderstanding," Reagan said at his inauguration, "it is not my intention to do away with government. It is rather to make it work—work with us, not over us; to stand by our side, not ride on our back. Government can and must provide opportunity, not smother it; foster productivity, not stifle it."

What is Reagan up to here, if not the same thing Jimmy Carter was up to four years ago in the aftermath of Vietnam and Watergate? What is he trying to do except restore a kind of common faith in government? Those who respond warmly to President Reagan's free market rhetoric should be aware that he's no libertarian; he's only acting the part. And what we're all likely to suffer through together in the next four years is one rhetorical paean after another to freedom and the free market, while a newer and more sophisticated form of regulation and government control is established over our lives. There is no way of telling precisely what form this may take. But the pattern will probably be clear at the outset: a masterful communicator, the new President will provide a rhetorical veneer for some new form of statism which the American people will find acceptable—not so much because of what it is in the concrete, but rather because of the kinds of symbols and themes and traditions which Reagan will weave around it. Therein lies one of the two greatest dangers of the Reagan administration.

The other danger is that Reagan will prove so skillful in addressing the American people from the podium of the Presidency, that the rhetoric of liberty upon which he relies so heavily will quickly be tainted with cynicism in the minds of Americans, making it all the more difficult to break through the veil surrounding government oppression and convince them that *real* liberty — the right to live your own life as you choose, so long as you do not aggress against others — is meaningful, possible, or anything other than another cynical con game.

How much longer, for example, can we put up with conservatives who prate about freedom and liberty, but who do not care a damn about those victimized by the state in the pursuit of their own peaceful lifestyles; who talk, as Reagan does, about getting government off our backs, and then turn around and endorse everything from the New Deal welfare state to the Chrysler bailout? How much longer can we expect people to take the rhetoric of liberty seriously when leaders like Ronald Reagan talk one moment about being "the exemplar of freedom and a beacon of hope for those who do not now have freedom," and in the next, about supporting "neighbors and allies who share our freedom," knowing full well that they are referring not only to Western Europe, but also to the gangsters running

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South Africa, South Korea, and El Salvador?

It all comes back to the inner rot already at work in the Reagan administration: the contradictions of conservatism. In reality, we cannot cut taxes while preserving the welfare state and flooding more money into the coffers of the Pentagon. In reality, we cannot get government off our backs without becoming tolerant toward peaceful lifestyles which we may not share, and we cannot get government off our backs without abolishing our victimless crime laws. In reality, we cannot have a free market economy while government marches alongside us, promoting this or that form of "national renewal," and nationalizing ever greater segments of America's great wealth to funnel into the rathole of our interventionist foreign policy. In reality, we cannot inspire respect in the Third World and elsewhere by unleashing the CIA and the U.S. armed forces to support dictators and tyrants.

But we are not, unfortunately, dealing only with reality. We are dealing with a rhetorical President who seems so in awe of his own powers of expression that he has long since lost any contact with the meaning of what he says. We can only hope that after some months of Reagan's rhetoric and the reality of his rule, we shall not find ourselves saying, with Mme. Roland as she was led to the guillotine, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

—Roy A. Childs, Jr.

The issue is books

POLITICIANS ARE NOT, unfortunately, known for reading books. They're known instead for taking their wives on tax-funded fact-finding missions to Bermuda and Capri, and for taking bribes from FBI men disguised as Arab sheiks. But politicians do *sometimes* read books. The prospect isn't even really very difficult to imagine. If you try, you'll be able to conjure the image almost effortlessly before your mind's eye: the average young Congressperson moving his lips furiously as he turns the pages of some older politician's latest volume of prison memoirs, in search of information about hitherto neglected resort areas suitable for fact-finding junkets, while all the time glancing nervously at the bedroom closet door to make sure no one's found the money in the shoe.

But why go on in this way about the reading habits of our duly elected representatives? Because their legendary bibliophobia goes a long way toward explaining their equally legendary incompetence at managing our public affairs. An ignorance of current books is as inexcusable in a maker of public policy as an ignorance of current case law is in an attorney. Awareness of current books is indispensable to anyone who is involved seriously in any aspect of our ongoing public policy debate.

Why? First, because books have always had an enormous and very direct impact on changes in public policy in this country. From Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* which Abraham Lincoln credited with starting the Civil War, to Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed,* which killed the Chevrolet Corvair and created the government-mandated auto safety industry, one of the growth industries of the past two decades; from Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle,* which brought us government regulation of the meat industry, to Rachel Carson's *The Silent Spring,* which brought us government stewardship over "the environment"; from Dr. Frederic Wertham's *Seducers of the Innocent,* which touched off public outcry and Congressional hearings about depictions of crime and the supernatural in comic books, to Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged,* which helped touch off the libertarian movement and the formation of the Libertarian Party — books have had a major impact on changes in public policy throughout American history.

But there is another reason to consider books of the essence for public policy. Simply put, books are a special case, a *very* special case, of one of the bedrock issues of our society: freedom of the press. This is so because books occupy a unique place in our systems of education, communications, and information processing. Only in a book is an author allowed to make his case at full length and at its most persuasive. Only in a book is he allowed the freedom to be himself, rather than adapt himself to the requirements of a particular periodical. How many wars or laws or political movements, or even Congressional hearings, have been started by articles in magazines and newspapers? How many individuals have you met or read of whose lives were changed by an article in a newspaper or magazine? How many individuals read magazines and newspapers at all during their formative years, the years they spend in schools poring over books? Periodical articles are forgotten within a few weeks of their publication—unless they are preserved in the pages of books and thereby given a decent chance to find their proper audience.

The freedom to write, publish, sell, and possess books is arguably the most fundamental of our various freedoms of the press—a fact which is not lost even upon newspapermen, perhaps because they themselves have been more deeply and permanently influenced by books than by anything they've ever read in their own or anybody else's newspaper. Witness the extensive newspaper coverage lavished in the last year alone on such comparatively minor threats to book freedom as the libel judgment against novelist Gwen Davis (for depicting various unsavory activities of a fictional character allegedly based on the plaintiff in the case) and the recent IRS ruling on depreciating publishers' inventories. (To call these threats "comparatively minor" is not to say they are insignificant, nor is it to depreciate the efforts of those who have taken them up as causes. See Joan Kennedy Taylor's editorials, "Justice in Wonderland" [June 1980], and "Cultural Inventories" [February 1981], for more detailed discussions of these cases.)

It is with such considerations in mind that we devote our March issue to books. In our lead feature this month, LR West Coast Editor Jeff Riggenbach considers what the political coming-of-age of the baby boom generation may bode for American politics in the 1980s and '90s—basing his prognostications on the facts and figures he's gleaned from half a dozen recent books on the subject. He ends his argument with some not very Spenglerian observations on what might be called the Decline of the East—observations which might strike some (particularly those in the East) as dubious, until they read LR Publisher Chris Hocker's debut "Political Eye" column on the latest census figures and what *they* portend for the politics of the next two decades.

In the two articles which follow Riggenbach's, we take a close-up look at recent developments in two of the government institutions which most strongly influence not only what we read, but whether we have anything to read at all: Jack Shafer examines the growing public defection from the public schools, and Kathy Sharp explains how Federal judges ruling on Fourth Amendment questions of search and seizure have indirectly but seriously damaged our First Amendment guarantees of freedom of speech and freedom of the press—and how legislative efforts to repair the damage have done nothing of the sort. Our departments this month focus attention on books and authors we consider important in the movement for liberty—whether because they directly advance the movement in some way, or because they expose the hollow pretences of one or another of its fellow travellers, or because they so perfectly embody the intellectual bankruptcy of our opposition.

We've tried for diversity in the books and authors we selected for discussion: some libertarians, some non-libertarians; some recently published hardcover books, some recently published paperback books (paperbacks being the form in which most readers buy their books in these times of government-fueled inflation); some fiction, some non-fiction; a little of everything. We hope we've proved in the process that whatever the differences between books and periodical articles, the two do have something in common. For it's as true of articles and reviews as it is of books that, as Francis Bacon put it nearly 400 years ago, "Some ... are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Turn the page then, and begin the feast. ❑

—The Editors

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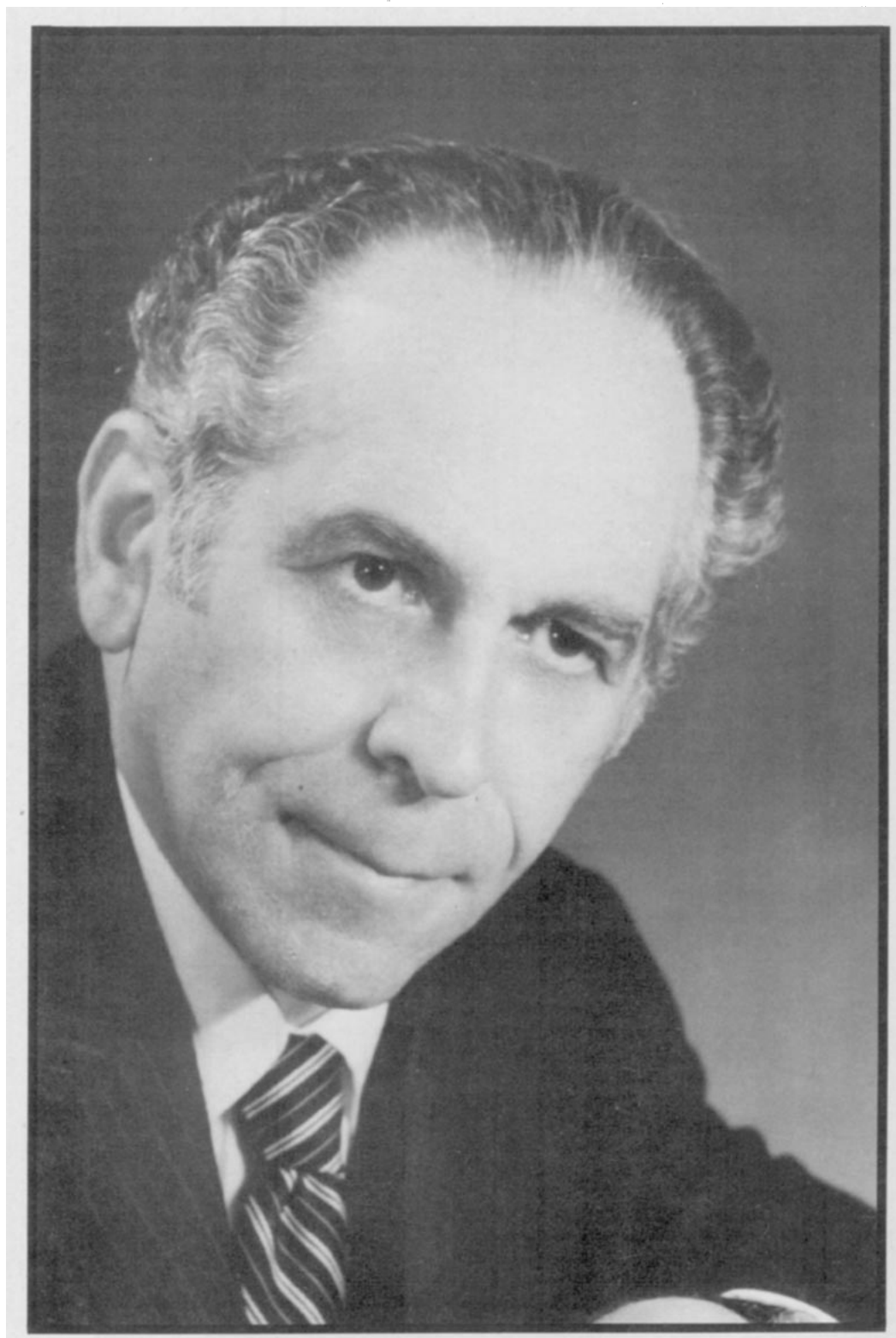

Historian of scapegoating

RALPH RAICO

THE PROFESSION OF HISTORIAN is beset by problems—methodological and others—and also by temptations. Traditionally, the chief concern of historians, the main object of their scrutiny, has been power, especially political power. Perhaps it's some odd quirk of psychology, perhaps it's a principle of selection operating within the historical profession, but the fact is that historians, by and large, have not only been fascinated by power—they have tended also to *sympathize* with it, *identify* with it in the "problems" it faces, and certainly excuse and apologize for power at virtually every turn. Just consider the record of practically *all* historians of *all* nations vindicating the foreign policies and the endless series of senseless wars of their respective states. The famous economists and historians of the German Historical School in late nineteenth century Germany proudly called themselves "the intellectual bodyguard of the House of Hohenzollern." This can be generalized to the great bulk of historians, who have tended to act as the intellectual bodyguards of their own rulers and ruling classes.

With Thomas Szasz the case

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is... somewhat different. Most of his works include a substantial amount of history; some, like *Ceremonial Chemistry* and *The Manufacture of Madness,* are essentially historical works. In reading these, it is not long before one realizes that this is a historian with a difference. In his works, it is power that is constantly on the defensive. The tables are turned; and one watches with mounting satisfaction as Szasz presents great historical conflicts, but in such a way that now the hunters have become the hunted.

In the history of historical writing, there are, it is true, a few precedents for Szasz's approach. The historian whom Szasz most often brings to mind is Lord Acton, the great nineteenth century liberal. Indeed, Szasz is quite familiar with Acton's thought; and he places a quotation from Acton at the head of the first chapter of his *Manufacture of Madness.* The quotation is from Acton's correspondence with Bishop Creighton, another historian. As Acton says there, "I cannot accept your canon that we are to judge Pope and King unlike other men, with a favorable presumption that they did no wrong. If there is any presumption, it is the other way, against holders of power, increasing as the power increases. Historic responsibility has to make up for want of legal responsibility."

Szasz pursues historical studies in the very way that Acton recommended to his students that they should be pursued. Toward the end of his life, in 1895, when he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge University, Acton delivered his inaugural address. Well knowing what modern history, even by his time, largely consisted in, he spoke of the actions of evil men and of the historian's special moral duty to bring them to light and castigate them. "At every step," Acton said, "we are met by arguments which go to excuse, to palliate, to confound right and wrong, and reduce the just man to the level of the reprobate. The men who [thus] plot to baffle and resist us," he noted, "are first of all those who made history what it has become." The principle that Acton proposed in the place of the fashionable relativism of his time is one which has guided Thomas Szasz in all his historical writings: It is "never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong."

For Acton the muse of history was not Clio, but Rhadamanthus, the avenger of innocent blood. That is surely the muse to whom, in writing history, Szasz also harkens. As he quotes from Camus: the historian "today cannot serve those who make history; he must serve those who are subject to it." This commitment of Szasz's is clearest in his researches into the history of scapegoating. Here he judges the actors in history by the final maxim that governs *his* own life—the moral standards of humanist rationalism, the great tradition of Western Man. It is a few aspects of Szasz's work on scapegoating that I would like to discuss today.

For Szasz, there is an ineluctability about scapegoating that tends to produce a somberness in the reader. It is a "pervasive human passion," he states. It stems from the fundamental human need for communion with one's fellow man, and for reassurance that one is an accepted part of a cohesive and integrated human community. He quotes with approval Kierkegaard's observation that "Man is a social animal—only in the herd is he happy. It is all one to him whether it is the profoundest nonsense or the greatest villainy—he feels completely at ease with it, so long as it is the view of the herd, or the action of the herd, and he is able to join the herd."

"Future generations will place Thomas Szasz in the company of Voltaire, Zola and Solzhenitsyn."

The herd, or any human community, defines itself by opposition to that which it is not—to the Other. Complex societies will generate specialized oppressive institutions to provide "an intellectually meaningful, morally uplifting, and socially well-organized system for the ritualized affirmation of the benevolence, glory, and power of society's dominant ethic."

The ineluctableness of scapegoating derives from the fact that it is part of the human condition. Szasz does say that "in the rejection, or transcending, of the scapegoat principle lies the greatest moral challenge for modern man." But in fact he holds out very little hope that this will ever be accomplished in any final way. He states that: "Our ancestors were, and we remain, existential or spiritual cannibals. As a rule, we live off the meaning others give their lives, validating our humanity by invalidating theirs.... Man [has a] greed to rob his neighbor of the meaning he has given his life"—and instantly we picture all the generations on generations of Jew-haters and woman-haters, of racists, of ridiculers of mental-prisoners, of those titillated by the sight of witches or homosexuals burning at the stake. The conclusion we are left with is of the inevitability of scapegoating. In this way, Szasz echoes the conclusion of Helmut Schoeck, the German sociologist, on *envy.* Envy, Schoeck finds, is a pervasive emotion, a constantly recurring destructive temptation. The best we can hope for is to identify it, analyze it, and struggle against it.

The first task is to identify the urge to scapegoat others in our own hearts. But, like any important social phenomenon, of course, scapegoating requires to be explained not only in broadly moral terms, but in economic terms as well. And Szasz has elaborated on the economic basis for the persecution of witches, Jews, mental patients, drug users, and others. Above and beyond—or below and beyond—the need to purify and protect society, Szasz traces the concrete economic interests served by persecutions. This search for hidden economic motivations for social movements that like to dress themselves up in lofty and grandiose ideologies is one which Karl Marx, in an ironic phrase, described as "dirty-Jewish." Less colorfully, I would call it realistic and down to earth. Szasz himself, in his significantly titled *Ideology and Insanity,* links the approach to certain insights of Marx. More generally, we may say that it is the approach of anyone who really wants to grasp social reality, and not merely the myths and mystifications spun around it by interested parties. It is the insight of Joseph Schumpeter ridiculing the concept of a metaphysical "State" sailing on the clouds above concrete human interests; of Adam Smith scorning the talk of businessmen who purport to act on behalf of "the public good"; of the nineteenth century liberals unmasking the ideology of imperialism and the white man's burden.

One of Szasz's greatest contributions, I think, is to have laid out the relationship between the economic "base" and the social and political "superstructure' in psychiatry—to have shown in detail how voluntary, contractual psychiatry differs in essence from state-funded psychiatry. If we want to understand the difference in kind between the two, we must "look for where the money comes from," in Deep Throat's classic phrase.

In analyzing economic motivations, Szasz draws attention, for instance, to the "witch-prickers"—"a class of men [who] sprang up in Europe who made it the sole business of their lives to discover and burn witches." The analogue of these witch-mongers in the present day is not hard to find—today's workers in the fields of mental health, the army of psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers. In both cases—and in others—the persecutions not only called on and satisfied deep social needs for scapegoating; they were also carried along and amplified by classes with specific economic interests in them.

An interesting case in this connection is that of the "white witches"—the women who specialized in folk-medicine, who were for centuries the only physicians the poor had; and Szasz points out the role of economic considerations in their persecution. The problem with them was that they had not studied at the great medical faculties but nonetheless had

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the effrontery to practice medicine. As Szasz says, "From the historical record, it is indeed clear that the Church resented the good witch even more than the bad," since she threatened the medical monopoly of the accredited and officially-sanctioned male physicians. In other cases, he emphasizes the role of economic envy—in the scapegoating of the Jews, the Armenians in Turkey, and especially of the Orientals on the West Coast, particularly of the Chinese in San Francisco.

The destructive emotional needs and vested economic interests that underlie scapegoating must, of necessity, be concealed. For this and other reasons, scapegoating has been inextricably intertwined with a key social institution — language, in particular the *political* use of language, the use of language to assert and maintain control over others. The study of this political dimension of language has been a constant concern of Szasz's. In fact, it may be said that no other writer in English since George Orwell has been so aware of this problem.

The struggle for survival and self-respect, Szasz holds, is in one way a struggle over language. As he puts it, "In the animal kingdom, the rule is, Eat or be eaten; in the human kingdom, Define or be defined."

In the nature of things, the oppressors are in linguistic control, to such a degree that often, as Szasz says, "the victims cannot even articulate their predicament and are therefore quite powerless to resist their victimizers." Prime examples of this are provided by the history of the Inquisition and of psychiatry, particularly the relatively new branch devoted to "treating" drug users.

In *Ceremonial Chemistry,* Szasz is at pains to unmask the strategic use of language in regard to drugs. In that fascinating book, he very deliberately—and quite rightly, in my view—foregoes any analysis of the chemistry of various drugs or the physiological effects of ingesting this or that substance. This endlessly mooted question has become central to discussion of drug laws—both by advocates and opponents of those laws—and the latest "studies" are always touted by conservatives or by liberals as demonstrating either that drugs like marijuana must be kept illegal, or that it is safe to legalize them.

As a libertarian, Szasz performs an end-run around this fruitless and really pointless discussion. Since in his view people have the inalienable right to commit suicide, they clearly have the right to harm themselves in any way short of that—they can go to the kitchen and drink Drano for all that Szasz would call in the police. Instead, he defines "our drug problem" in disarmingly simple terms: "The facts ... are that some people want to take drugs which others do not want them to take." The persecution of drug users and drug entrepreneurs is the reality that the political use of language is designed to screen. As Szasz puts it: "People who make liquor are businessmen, not the 'members of an international ring of alcohol refiners'; people who sell liquor are retail merchants, not 'pushers'; and people who buy liquor are citizens, not 'dope fiends.'" And under the aegis of scientistic psychiatry, drug users are looked on as "victims of their irresistible impulses, [needing] others to protect them from these impulses." Thus the age-old human story of the use of intoxicants to enhance pleasant experiences, to induce oblivion, or for whatever personal purpose, is ignored.

The whole concept of "mental illness," of course, is a means for the invalidating of the individual who acts in unacceptable ways—not only in the general sense of stigmatizing him, but in the deeper, more serious sense of ascribing to his behavior a determinism which makes him less than human.

That the whole language of psychiatry is aimed at the degradation of the object—of the individual who is truly "objectified" — is demonstrated by Szasz in a number of his works in a detailed and analytical way. In *The Second Sin,* he puts it in a succinct and characteristically memorable way: "When a man has sexual relations with many women, psychoanalysts say he has a Don Juan complex which signifies latent homosexuality. But when a man has sexual relations with many men, psychoanalysts do not say he has an Oscar Wilde complex which signifies latent heterosexuality. In short, the psychoanalytic vocabulary is rich in images and terms that demean and invalidate, and poor in those that dignify and validate."

This is the history of psychoanalysis in seventy words.

Fashions in scapegoats come and go, of course. One of Szasz's achievements is to have reminded us of a now mostly forgotten group which was once psychiatry's favorite scapegoat: masturbators. There was a time—for more than a hundred years, in fact—when those who masturbated were caught up in psychiatry's linguistic and political net. The founding fathers of modern psychiatry—Benjamin Rush in America, Maudsley in England, Esquirol in France—and their followers maintained that masturbation was both a prime cause and symptom of insanity. Psychiatry's judgments are never merely academic, so this value-free, objective, and scientific conclusion was used to control, punish, and surgically intervene upon masturbators. The story is set forth brilliantly in Chapter Eleven of *The Manufacture of Madness*—and if I were to recommend a piece of twenty-five pages to break the spell of psychiatrism on anyone once and for all, it would be that chapter. We learn there, for instance, of the pioneering work of Dr. Isaac Baker Brown, a London surgeon, later president of the Medical Society of London. Dr. Brown introduced in the 1850s the therapy of clitoridectomy for the treatment of girls who masturbated—thus transporting to one of the capitals of the civilized world the practices of African and Arab savages. The name and work of Dr. Isaac Baker Brown certainly deserve to be memorialized—in the Actonian sense—and this Szasz has helped to do.

Incidentally, in that Chapter 11 Szasz also gives one of those "significant little facts" of which the French historian Taine spoke, which illuminate a whole tract of the historical landscape in a flash: in all the millions of words contained in the standard histories of psychiatry, by Franz Alexander, Zilboorg, and others, there is *not a single word* on "masturbatory insanity."

But the psychiatric abuse—really, destruction — of language, which enables scapegoating, has not ceased. Indeed, it is accelerating, and, I believe, unstoppable. By now it has filtered down to all levels of society. Let me share with you one small example, which can stand for thousands upon thousands of others. It is from an Ann Landers column in early February 1980. A girl writes in: "My father's favorite child was my older sister. She died in a car crash five months ago. At the funeral my father turned to me and said, 'Why wasn't it you?' He grieves constantly and keeps repeating that question. ... What should I do?"

Ann Landers replies: "There's an old French proverb, 'To understand all is to forgive all.' This is asking a lot of a 15-year-old, but try. You father's depression has made him mentally ill. He is no longer responsible for what he says. The man should have had grief therapy immediately after the tragedy."

Thus are the great issues of right and wrong, of love and hatred in human affairs, trivialized. But this abuse of language has proceeded so far that in a couple of decades no one but a few poets will be able even to comprehend the objections to such "diagnoses" and prescribed "therapies."

The psychiatric debasement of language means the systematic debasement of thought and of the mind. That is why, in my view, it is to psychiatry perhaps more than to any other movement that we can apply Camus's deep statement: "We are fighting against an idea whose victory would mean the end of the world."

I have said that the chapter on "masturbatory insanity" in *The Manufacture of Madness* is enough in itself to break the spell of psychiatrism in the mind of an intelligent reader. Actually, however, this is true of much of Szasz's work. Again and again he shows not only how oppressive and cruel the medical scapegoaters have been, but also how *ludicrous.* He does this for instance in the anthology he edited about seven years ago, called *The Age of Madness.*

A number of the selections in this book are tragic—case histories of psychiatric tortures like electro-shock "treatments," for example. But others—not surprisingly, given the slant of Szasz's mind—are funny, or at least wryly ironic. He has discovered a number of authentic gems in the history of psychiatry, comparable to his account

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of the disease of "masturbatory insanity." Believers in democracy, for instance, were stigmatized as mentally ill in the middle of the nineteenth century at the University of Berlin. So were free blacks in the United States in the days before the Civil War—they were found to have various mental illnesses to a much higher degree than enslaved Negroes. And there is the celebrated case of a certain Austrian lady, Louise von Coburg, who manifested her mental illness by preferring a lover to her husband, a gentleman who had been certified as utterly devoted and beyond reproach by the whole Viennese psychiatric establishment of the day.

One doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. As we follow the history of psychiatry in Szasz's works — as we examine the thinking of the Benjamin Rushes, the Isaac Baker Browns, the Karl Menningers, the Irving Biebers, the William Masterses —we are led to conclude they fit perfectly Max Weber's description of the positivist social engineers of the future: carriers of "mechanized petrification, embellished by a kind of convulsive self-importance... specialists without spirit, sensualists without heart—and this nullity imagines that it is the culmination of human history!"

Yet Szasz's view of history is kept from being an unbearably oppressive one, from becoming Edward Gibbon's mere "spectacle of crime and folly," by the concentration on the *struggle* —the struggle of the oppressed with a hammer.

Thus we relearn the truth that the fight against tyranny is never-ending. And this brings to mind Szasz's own place in the historical annals of that battle. My own view is that future generations will place him as a champion of history's victims in the company of Voltaire and Emile Zola, William Lloyd Garrison and Solzhenitsyn. But the comparison with Voltaire is the really apt one. For one thing, Voltaire often disagreed profoundly with those whose rights he defended. In the most famous case, that of Jean Calas, it's hard to imagine that Voltaire had much sympathy for the Calvinist beliefs of Calas, on account of which he was tortured and killed. On the contrary—he probably disliked the victim's beliefs almost as much as the beliefs of the Catholic torturers and killers.

In a very similar way, Szasz despises the fascist views of an Ezra Pound, a man whom he nonetheless defended — for which he was personally thanked by Pound's long-time companion, Olga Rudge. My own experience is that it is very difficult for college students who read Szasz's *Ceremonial Chemistry* to understand that this passionate defense of the rights of drug users was written by a man who wouldn't cross the room for an ounce of free cocaine or the best sinsemilla.

There is another significant facet of Szasz's approach that warrants mentioning. Szasz's attitude is less one of *compassion* than of love for *justice.* For one thing, he realizes that those who are scapegoated often turn out to be not very nice or pleasant people. Suffering may enoble some, but it embitters and damages many more. Szasz is very much aware of the strange dialectic between oppressor and oppressed, whereby the latter often come to require their oppression—their plight comes to furnish them with a solution to the perennial question of finding a meaning in life. Thus, Szasz's very proper scorn of other "anti-psychiatrists" who are sometimes ignorantly linked to him — men like R.D. Laing and David Cooper, who glorify mental prisoners.

Szasz does history as Nietzsche did philosophy: with a hammer. We all have clearer minds because of him.

to throw off their oppression. I think you will agree that, given his subject-matter, there is often an odd feeling of exhilaration in reading him. And this is traceable, I think, to the crusading spirit that underlies his work. As we read of the agonizing efforts of one group of scapegoats after another to ward off their tormentors, there is a sense of "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more..." Szasz does history as Nietzsche boasted he did philosophy:

Certainly Szasz is worlds away from the paternalism of the liberal tribunes of the downtrodden. His interest and involvement is not so much with human pain as with human dignity. Thus, for instance, his surprising admiration for Malcolm X and the Black Muslim gospel of self-help and self-reliance. The liberal establishment was very suspicious of Malcolm, and Szasz shrewdly suggests why: It was because "this [was] dangerous talk. Liberals and psychiatrists need the weak-willed and the mentally sick so they have someone to care for, and something to do. If Malcolm had his way, all of these 'helpers' would be unemployed or worse."

A final similarity to Voltaire should also be mentioned. As we know, Voltaire, for all his advocacy of the oppressed and the violated, knew very well how to have a good time. He was very appreciative of all the good things in life, indeed a connoisseur, and it is not for nothing that the most memorable representation of him is with a smile. Like Voltaire, Szasz understands that, in the last analysis, life is not for the solacing of suffering, but for enjoyment. Actually, his very attacks on history's swine give the sense that he is pursuing the enemy as much out of love of the chase as anything else.

In considering how to conclude this valedictory address, I thought there would be no better way than to quote from a small book I read many years ago. It is called *On Compromise,* and it was written by John Morley. Morley was a great English historian, the biographer of Richard Cobden, Gladstone, Burke, and the French encyclopedists; he was also, as it happens, a good friend of Lord Acton. And he was the last of the great English classical liberals, who performed the last act of English liberalism: in 1914, when the Asquith government voted to go to war with Germany, to add the youth of England to the great holocaust of the First World War, he resigned in protest. Always he was a fighter for free trade, rationalism, and peace. And about 100 years ago he wrote *On Compromise,* on the urgent influences that would have us say less than we know and trim the truth to fit the demands of "public opinion." This is part of what Morley wrote:

"And what is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood; this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going out of light within the soul of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose, in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for our prize and the mark of our high calling. Measure, if you can, the empire over them of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality, and weigh if you can the huge burden of custom, unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and maintenance of the opinions that we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of the hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery that is for ever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of the years that separate us from eternal silence. In the light of these things, a man should surely dare to live his small span of life with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life, only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness."

These important truths about life Thomas Szasz has exemplified and taught us to see. All of us have clearer minds because of him. So I would like to conclude my valedictory address on the occasion of this conference and of his sixtieth birthday by saying, *Isten éltesen,* Tom — May God give you life and health; may you live a hundred years. ❑

Ralph Raico teaches history at the State University College at Buffalo and is Senior Editor of *Inquiry* magazine. This article is adapted from the valedictory address he delivered in April 1980 at a conference of the Institute for Humanistic Studies at SUNY Albany in honor of Szasz's 60th birthday.

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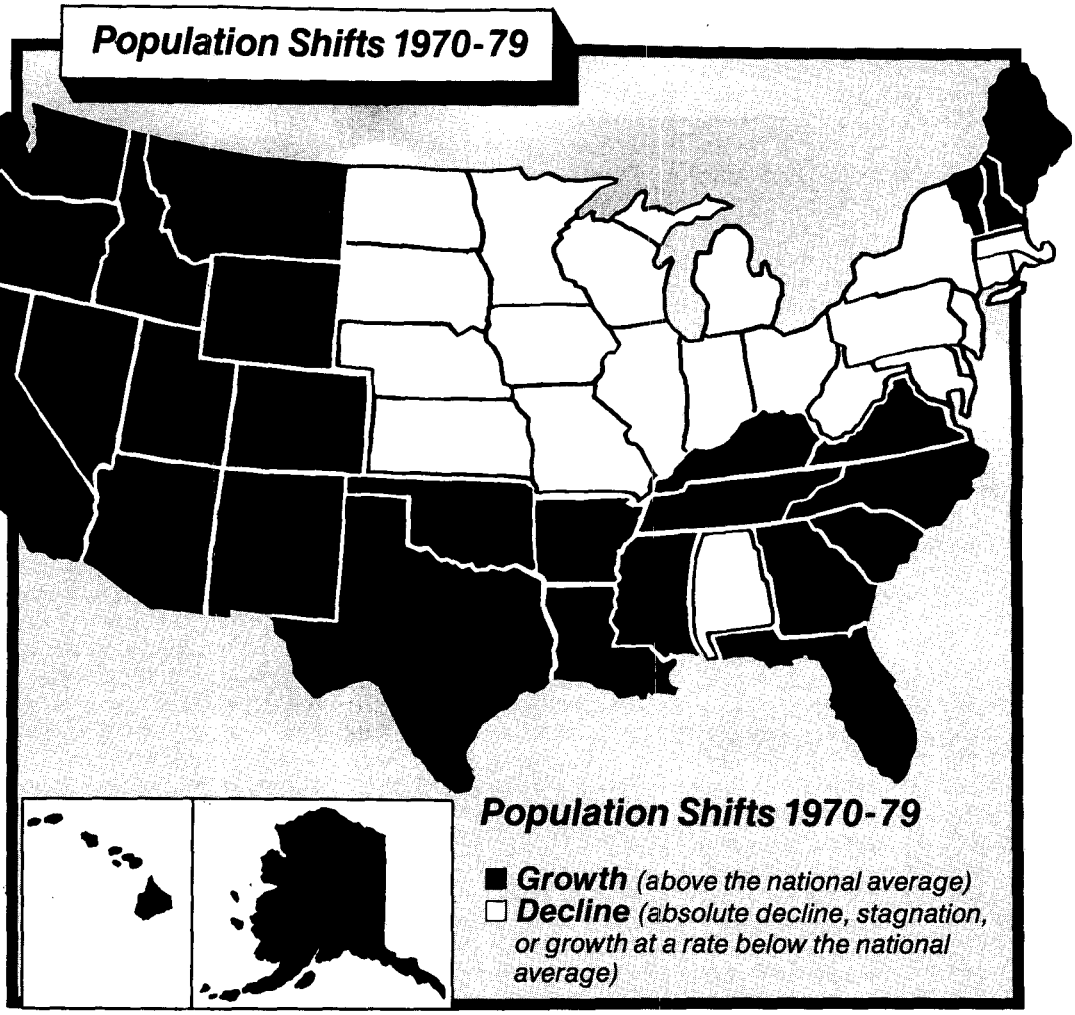
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Population Shifts 1970-79
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The new westward migration

CHRIS HOCKER

THE 1980 CENSUS WAS most useful for bureaucrats, welfare recipients, and political observers. Leaving aside the first two of these categories (and the symbiotic relationship between them), political observers have had a field day noting that the results of the census will mean a significant shift of political power in the coming years from the North and East to the South and West.

The relevant statistics are as follows: Total U.S. population went up by 12.3 percent, to 226,500,000. Only three states actually lost population—New York, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia—but the percentage gain in every northern and eastern state except Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine was well below the national average, while the percentage gain of every southern and western state except Alabama was above the national average—and Alabama, at 12.2 percent, was only one tenth of a point below average.

Eleven southern and western states took a total of 17 seats in the U.S. House of Representatives from ten northern and eastern states. The big winners were Florida (4), Texas (3), and California (2), with Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, Tennessee, Utah, and Washington picking up one seat each. The biggest loser was New York (5), followed by Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania at two each, and Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, and South Dakota each dropping one.

The top ten states in terms of percentage gain in population were, with the exception of Florida and Texas, far western states with relatively low starting populations: Nevada (63.8), Arizona (52.9), Florida (41.1), Wyoming (41.1), Utah (37.3), Alaska (32.3), Colorado (30.2), New Mexico (26.9), and Texas (26.4). Hawaii and Oregon were eleventh and twelfth.

All of these statistics suggest some reasonably encouraging trends for libertarians, economically, socially, and politically. The top ten growth states are all popularly perceived as places of "opportunity," almost frontier-like places, where regulation is minimal, entrepreneurial ability is valued, entrenched urban political machines are absent (along with urban decay), and the deer and the antelope play. Many of the people migrating to these states do so to get jobs—and many others do so to *create* jobs, to build something new and unique for themselves whether or not it involves getting rich.

The people who pack up and head west—and "west" as a state of mind could be Florida or Maine as easily as Alaska or Nevada—leave behind more than just their jobs, their families, their friends, the double sets of deadbolts on their doors, and four levels of income taxation. Many of them also abandon some or all of their former lifestyle, religion, and political behavior. Now that they're in Roswell, they don't *have* to be Presbyterians or Democrats if they don't want to.

The political implications of

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the population shift are best looked at long-term. For the 1980s, the change in the makeup of Congress will be significant but not earth-shattering—and it certainly won't mean a tidal wave of conservative Republican representatives as some observers have suggested. Congressional district reapportionment is determined by the legislature in each state, and seven of the eleven states which will gain House seats have Democratic-controlled legislatures.

(Interestingly enough, five of the ten legislatures in the states which will *lose* House seats are controlled by Republicans, which should drive one more nail into the coffin of the myth that the Republican Party has resisted any of the policies responsible for the migration from the North and East.)

What the population shift *will* do in the short run is make politics at the state and local level more volatile and less predictable, with new voters who have no particularly strong party allegiance often determining the outcome of elections. Important municipal, county, and even statewide offices in western and some southern states are often nonpartisan, in contrast to northern and eastern elections in which every candidate from governor to dogcatcher is part of a formal party ticket. New immigrant voters will therefore have even less reason to form party allegiances (most new immigrants these days are coming into Western states from Asia and Latin America), and elected officials, in turn, will owe less and less to formal party structures. When these officials move up to higher, partisan offices, their choice of party will often be more a matter of convenience than of ideology—unless and until American political parties are reconstituted along ideological lines.

This same phenomenon heightens the electoral prospects for Libertarians — or, at the very least, it does nothing to diminish them. Already, a handful of nonpartisan office holders in two high-growth western states — Alaska and California—are in fact formally affiliated in some way with the Libertarian Party. Hypothetically, some of these individuals could seek higher, partisan offices under the Libertarian banner and carry with them into the race several advantages which third party candidates typically never have, such as name recognition, a track record, a financial base of contributors, and political clout. Such situations, should they materialize, could only enhance the prospects for the Libertarian Party to attain major party status.

By no means am I suggesting that Libertarian political activists should begin focusing their attention on nonpartisan races. On the contrary, they should work that much harder to build a strong, viable party structure which will induce ideologically compatible nonpartisan office holders to run as Libertarians when the time comes. What I do mean to suggest is that the population shift between 1970 and 1980 parallels and even exemplifies important national trends during the same time period. Libertarians would do well to be aware of these trends, and to take advantage of them. ❑

Chris Hocker is the publisher of *LR*. His "Political Eye" column will appear monthly.

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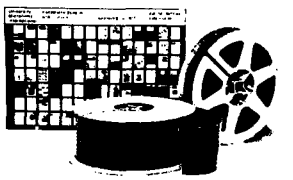

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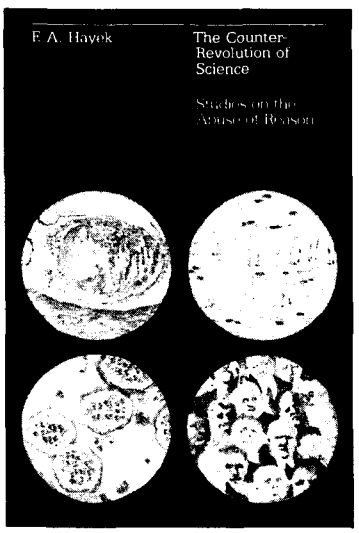

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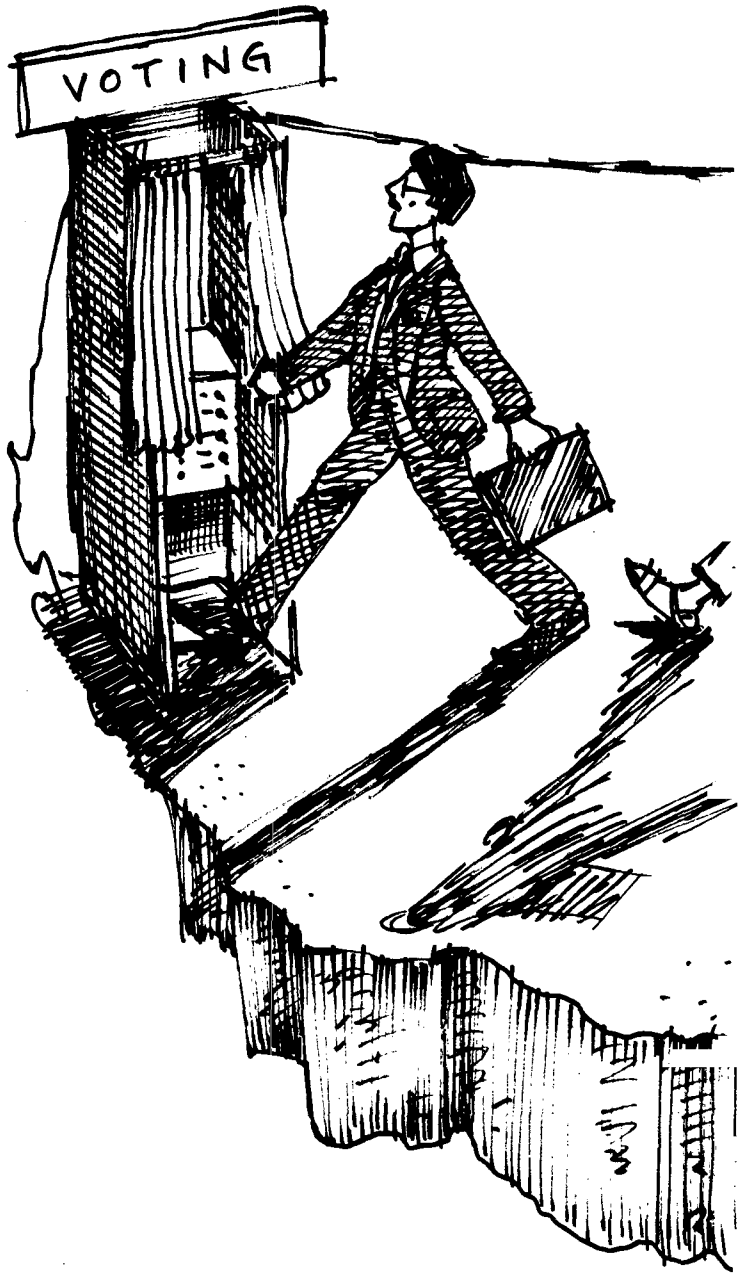
The Politics of Aquarius

By Jeff Riggenbach



On the first day of 1981, the *Los Angeles Times* reported the results of a new Gallup Poll on ideal family size, the forty-fifth such poll conducted by the Gallup organization since 1936. The 1980 poll, according to the *Times*, contained "[c]lear evidence that large families are going out of style in the United States." Specifically, Gallup found that more than half those he surveyed regarded the ideal family as one which included two children, while scarcely more than one in ten—11 percent to be exact—felt the ideal family would include four or more children.

A mere three and a half decades ago, the situation was almost exactly reversed. In 1945, nearly half (49 percent) of those he surveyed told Gallup an ideal family should include four or more children. And it was as hard for the pollster to find advocates of the two-child family in 1945 as it was to find advocates of the large family this past November.

The *Times* did not run this story, which was headlined "Large Families Are Going Out of Style," on the front page, or even in the first section. It was buried on page three of section five, the section which also contains news of society teas, advice from Ann Landers, and reviews of current books. Yet, if the importance of a news story is to be judged by the importance of the events it covers, and if the importance of events is to be judged in terms of their consequences, "Large Families Are Going Out of Style" should have been printed on Page One. For the events it covered were not only the most important ones being talked about and written about on January 1, 1981; in social and political terms, they were among the most important events of the past half-century. Politics in this country depends

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on votes, and votes depend in turn on populations—where they live, what they think, how old they are, how they're faring economically, what kinds of attitudes they have toward governments and politicians. Populations depend, in their turn, on birth-rates. And whatever we may think about the temptation to be less than truthful with public opinion pollsters, we can be certain of one thing: those Americans who told Gallup 35 years ago that they felt families ought to include four or more children were telling the truth. They proved it over the next two decades by having children themselves at a rate which had almost literally never before been thought possible.

"For two centuries," Landon Y. Jones writes in *Great Expectations: America & the Baby Boom Generation* (Coward McCann & Geoghegan, 1980), "the birthrate in the United States and the world has steadily declined. It is still declining. There is only one exception: the single, unprecedented aberration we call the postwar baby boom. It was

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not, as is often thought, a short rise in the birthrate caused by returning GIs making up for lost time. It began that way in 1946, but instead of stopping in the 1950s (as in Europe), the tidal wave of births continued, affecting all races and classes with astonishing uniformity. This national euphoria—what I shall call the "Procreation Ethic"—peaked in 1954 through 1964, the last real year of the baby binge.... Because the boom was both preceded and followed by smaller generations, it makes a permanent but moving bulge in the population, a Goliath generation stumbling awkwardly into the future. Demographers use the vaguely discomfiting metaphor of a "pig in a python" to describe the resulting motion of the baby-boom bulge through the decades as it ages. But peristalsis, as that digestive process is called, hardly does justice to the violence and disruption felt along the way—by both pig and python.

The disruption *has* been gigantic, and far-reaching in its effects. As Jones writes, "much of our history over the past thirty years amounts to our generally unsuccessful effort to accommodate and absorb its [the baby boom generation's] enormous number." During the years when the baby boom Americans were babies, the baby food and baby furniture and diaper industries boomed incredibly—and sagged just as incredibly when their customers became housebroken and went off to school. During the years when the baby-boomers were in school, the school building and teacher certifying industries boomed incredibly—and have already begun to sag just as incredibly, now that the youngest members of the baby boom generation are in high school and the numbers of their successors in elementary schools and junior high schools have so dwindled that schools are closing like auto plants all over the country and unemployed teachers are almost as common as unemployed black teenagers. As Jones puts it, "No single generation has had more impact on us than the baby boom.... The baby boom is, and will continue to be, the decisive generation in our history."

In fact, the bulge made by the baby boom generation is destined to grow even larger (in relative terms) in the next two decades. As its elders die off and steadily declining birth rates keep the numbers of children down, the baby boom generation will come literally to dominate American life—especially American public life. "Little wonder," Jones writes,

> that, to many marketers, the demographic map of the United States is beginning to look like the Steinberg map of the United States as seen from New York: Instead of a landscape dominated by Manhattan, however, they see one dominated by a single generation.... the single biggest spending age group in the country is the 35-44-year-olds. They spend 34 percent more than average for food away from home, 30 percent more for alcoholic beverages, 37 percent more on household furnishings, 45 percent more on furniture, 44 percent more on clothing, and 56 percent more on boats and recreational vehicles. The Conference Board estimates that the number of households in the 35-44 bracket will increase from 13 million in 1980 to 20 million in 1990. Their combined spending power will rise 70 percent until they will command one-third of the country's discretionary income.... the increase in 35-44-year-olds will not be made of today's 35-44-year-olds, none of whom are baby boomers. Rather, the 35-44-year-olds of the future are today's 25-34-year-olds, all of whom are baby boomers and are as different from other generations as one individual is from another.

This generational difference, of course, is going to make a difference not only for marketers of alcohol, furniture, and boats, but also for marketers of ideas. The 35-44 age group is not only the biggest spending, it's also the biggest voting and the most influential. The 35-44-year-old has more to spend because he's earning more, and he's earning more because he's put enough years into his career to be well advanced in it. The professionals in this group—the doctors, lawyers, architects, journalists, college professors, and creative businessmen—are almost always the real movers and shakers in society, the generators and popularizers of the new ideas which gain force in public life, and the builders of the new institutions (or reformers of the old institutions) which shape social change.

Between now and 1990 the positions of social and political and cultural influence and leadership will be falling increasingly into the hands of the baby boom generation—the generation which made the '60s the decade of the flower children and campus unrest, and the'70s the decade of Me, of self-help, self-realization, and better living through psychology. By 1990, the average baby boom baby will be 35, and above average in earnings and influence. As Jones sees it, the baby boomers are typical of people generally in exhibiting passionate, idealistic interest in political issues in their youth, then effectively dropping out of the political system during their late 20s and early 30s, only to become regular voters in their 30s and 40s when they have come to own property and pay taxes and wield power. On the other hand, he writes, they

> have not followed the traditional pattern of embracing political parties as they grow older. Unlike their parents, this generation has

Stewart Brand, editor since the beginning (1968) of the Whole Earth Catalog, *the newest edition of which is "chock full of libertarian sentiments."*

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remained independent.... The baby boom was young during... Vietnam and Watergate and learned then its continuing distrust of the political system. (The success of the Proposition 13 referenda around the country in the late seventies is typical of baby-boom politics: their support was nonpartisan and anti-government.) By gaining their political consciousness during the late sixties and early seventies, the baby boomers developed an iconoclastic frame of reference that can tell us more about the future behavior of this generation than, as Aristotle had supposed, the mellowing influence of aging. We see this tendency everywhere in the politics of the eighties. The fact that the political parties cannot effectively organize the opinion of the baby boom has contributed to the decline of the parties themselves and, indirectly, to the decline of voter participation. We can expect more third-party movements to base themselves on the unaffiliated millions of baby boomers. We will have "event" and "issue" politics based less on political ideology than on a kind of "What does it do for Me?" ideology.

"A kind of 'What does it do for Me?' ideology." One could do a whole lot worse than that if one were looking for a phrase to describe the ideology behind libertarianism. What is a libertarian, if not an individualist talking politics? A libertarian is an individual who realizes that his own best chance to realize his own aims and goals in life is in a free society in which he is left alone by his fellow citizens to do "anything that's peaceful." That's why he refuses to support any laws against any non-violent behavior. Not infrequently, a libertarian is a person who's into self-realization, self-fulfillment, and self-reliance. That's why he opposes every effort to forcibly homogenize our society—whether it's a law calculated to force everyone to conform to the moral beliefs of a few, or a bureaucracy devoted to erasing the differences in wealth which exist among people, or a declaration of war calculated to turn all Americans into single-minded killers dedicated to extermination of an "enemy" with whom, as individuals, they have no quarrel.

And is such a libertarianism as this in fact visible in the emerging political consciousness of the politically emerging baby boom generation? It is. And nowhere is it so lavishly on display as in the pages of the latest books about that generation, its politics and its future. For, to paraphrase Carlyle, all that a generation has done, thought, gained, or been—and, since the future follows inexorably from the past, all that it will be too—is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.

As Exhibit A, consider *The Next Whole Earth Catalog,* the newest, fanciest, biggest ever edition of the"Bible of the Counterculture," as it has more than a few times been called. The first edition of the *Whole Earth Catalog,* as editor Stewart Brand recalls in his preface to the new edition, was "made by three hippies in a garage and distributed by a local long-hair wholesaler (Bookpeople, Berkeley)." That was in 1968. Three years later, *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* won a National Book Award, and went on to sell 1,600,000 copies. Not surprisingly, *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* is distributed by a short-hair wholesaler called Random House, and, as this goes to press (late January), is holding down the number 3 position on the Publishers Weekly trade paperback bestseller list. It is also chock full of libertarian sentiments.

We open the book and learn immediately (page 2) that the purpose of *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* is to seek and promote tools that aid individuals in their pursuit of "personal power," that is, "the power of individuals to conduct their own education, find their own inspiration, shape their own environment, and share the adventure with whoever is interested."

Flip over to page 39, in the *Catalog*'s section on economics, and you'll find a review of Milton and Rose Friedman's *Free to Choose,* which Stewart Brand told *Newsweek* back in November is one of his own current favorite books. "I'm a small business man who is hit with the same kind of problems that face any small entrepreneur," he said back then. And he begins his review of *Free to Choose* with the proposition that "[t] he exquisite balance of nature, the complex ecology we admire, is based largely on competition...."

But skip a few pages further, to page 46, in the section on "reinhabitation." There you'll find a description of Thoreau's *Walden* as "the prime document of America's 3rd Revolution, now in progress," side by side with the following quotation from "Civil Disobedience":

> I heartily accept the motto,—"That government is best which governs least;" and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe,—"That government is best which governs not at all," and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have.

Nor is this all. Flip back to the back of *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* and you'll find in the section on political factions an entire subsection on "Libertarian Periodicals," complete with pictures and mini-reviews of *Inquiry, Libertarian Vanguard, Frontlines, Reason, Liberty,* and *LR.*

If *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* is Exhibit A, Marilyn Ferguson's *The Aquarian Conspiracy* should be Exhibit B. You haven't seen this one on the hardcover bestseller lists, but it's been a bestseller all the same. Since its original publication in February of last year, *The Aquarian Conspiracy* has sold at least 75,000 copies, and the end is not yet in sight. The book's publisher, J.P. Tarcher, Incorporated of Los Angeles, says it continues to sell more copies every month than it sold in the month before—despite having been ignored or contemptuously dismissed in most of the major book review media, and despite having been singled out as the object of a well-financed smear campaign by the man who brought the lunatic fringe to all our major airports, Lyndon H. LaRouche. *The Aquarian Conspiracy* is being sold by word-of-mouth, by readers who find that its discussion of "Personal and Social Transformation in the 1980s" (the book's subtitle) makes good sense to them.

As its title and subtitle imply, *The Aquarian Conspiracy* is about a good deal more than just politics. It is in fact precisely one of the book's virtues that it looks at politics in its cultural context, as one of the major elements of our culture, rather than as the whole of it. Marilyn Ferguson understands that people's political convictions spring from and depend upon their other,more fundamental attitudes about human beings and human relationships, about man and society. And she is interested in chronicling a deepseated, broad-based cultural change in our society, brought in during the turbulent '60s by the leading edge of the baby boom generation, and characterized by the "withdrawal of popular support from established institutions," not only in politics, but also "in health, learning, the workplace, and values," and by a growing respect for what Theodore Roszak calls "our sovereign right to self-discovery"—"to know our authentic vocation in the world, to find the work and the way of being that belong to each of us...."

Inevitably, of course, any such ethic of self-liberation must

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lead to political consequences. As Ferguson writes, "[t]he individual who has learned to take responsibility for his own health is likely to become more interested in political aspects of medicine, environment, the role of learning in health and disease, the beneficial or deadly aspects of relationships and work, and so on." Self-liberation thus brings with it "a perspective that politicizes even those who have had no interest in conventional politics," she argues. *"Eventually, everyone concerned with the transformation of the individual must engage in social action."*

What kind of social action? *Radical* social action. "The political system needs to be *transformed,* not *reformed,*" Ferguson writes. "We need something else, not just something more." And her diatribes against the evils of Big Government have an unmistakably libertarian ring to them: "We have relinquished more and more autonomy to the state" she says on page 194, "forcing government to assume functions once performed by communities, families, churches—*people.* Many social tasks have reverted to government by default, and the end result has been creeping paralysis...." She even quotes Tocqueville's nearly 150-year-old warning against government which "covers the surface of society with a network of small, complicated rules, minute and uniform, through which the most original minds and the most energetic characters cannot penetrate"; which serves as "the sole agent of happiness" for its citizens; which "provides for their security, foresees and supplies their necessities, facilitates their pleasures, manages their principal concerns, directs their industry, regulates the descent of property, and subdivides their inheritances — what remains," Tocqueville demanded, "but to spare them all the care of thinking and the trouble of living?... Such a power does not tyrannize but it compresses, enervates, extinguishes and stupefies a people. The nation is nothing better than a flock of timid and industrious animals of which the government is the shepherd."

Marilyn Ferguson sees a current trend in an entirely different direction from this, a direction pioneered by Tocqueville's contemporaries, the New England Transcendentalists, Emerson, Thoreau, and Bronson Alcott (who demanded in 1839, "Why should I hire a state to govern me? Why not govern myself?"). The term Ferguson prefers to use in describing this emergent individualism is the same one which the libertarian-pacifist-anarchist Robert LeFevre has used since the mid 1960s to describe his own doctrine: *autarchy.* And Ferguson defines the term in just the way LeFevre does. "*Autarchy,*" says LeFevre, "is *self-rule.* It means that each person rules himself, and no other." "*Autarchy,*" says Ferguson, "is government by the self."

Ferguson also conceives the growing movement toward autarchy in distinctly LeFevre-ian terms: "The new political awareness," she writes,

> has little to do with parties or ideologies. Its constituents don't come in blocs. Power that is never surrendered by the individual cannot be brokered.
>
> Not by revolution or protest but by autonomy, the old slogan becomes a surprising fact: *Power to the people.* One by one by one.

A similar theme of liberation through self-reliance infuses another recent book on the politics of the baby boom generation, Kirkpatrick Sale's *Human Scale,* Exhibit C in our current inquiry. "Many years ago," Sale writes, "—nearly a hundred, in fact—a publication called *The Rebel,* put out in Boston, carried this editorial by one Arthur Arnould:

> An individual eats some mushrooms and is poisoned by them. The doctor gives him an emetic and cures him. He goes to the cook and says to him:
>
> —"The mushrooms in white sauce made me ill yesterday! Tomorrow you must prepare them with brown sauce."
>
> Our individual eats the mushrooms in brown sauce. Second poisoning, second visit of the doctor, and second cure by the emetic.
>
> —"By Jove!" says he to the cook, "I want no more mushrooms with brown or white sauce, to-morrow you must fry them."
>
> Third poisoning, with accompaniment of doctor and emetic.
>
> —"This time," cries our friend, "they shall not catch me again!... to-morrow you must preserve them in sugar."
>
> The preserved mushrooms poison him again.
>
> —But that man is an imbecile! you say. Why does he not throw away his mushrooms and stop eating them.
>
> Be less severe, I beg you, because that imbecile is yourself, it is ourselves, it is all humanity.
>
> Here are four to five thousand years that you try the State—that is to say Power, Authority, Government—in all kinds of sauces, that you make, unmake, cut, and pare down constitutions of all patterns, and still the poisoning goes on. You have tried legitimate royalty, manufactured royalty, parliamentary royaly, republics unitary and centralized, and the only thing from which you suffer, the despotism, the dictature of the State, you have scrupulously respected and carefully preserved.

"I do not claim," Sale comments,

> that Americans in any great numbers are yet prepared to do away with the state that has made them so ill. But I do not believe I am wrong in detecting the beginnings, the stirrings, the growth, of a true antimushroom sentiment in the land: people who, perhaps only dimly, have come to realize—in a way that even Common Cause does not yet understand—that "the government cannot solve the problem because the government *is* the problem." Inchoate, to be sure, unexpressed except by a few, this sentiment is nonetheless found today in a thousand guises. It penetrates issues as diverse as laetrile and the metric system, nuclear power and Proposition 13. It lies behind the antitax revolt and the commune movement, the ecology and alternative technology movements, the campaigns for neighborhood and small-town revitalization, the growing attachments to holistic health, natural foods and organic gardening. It has been the bedrock source of the civil rights and antiwar movements, it energizes every drive for local control and community development and decentralized government today....

It also penetrates every specific issue the increasingly politicized members of the baby boom generation consider important. What specific issues are we talking about? When Rex Weiner and Deanne Stillman posed the same question to a random sampling of "Sixties Generation" people in order to use the answers in their book *Woodstock Census: The Nationwide Survey of the Sixties Generation* (Viking Press, 1979), they found that the following five issues turned up most often among the answers, in the following order of popularity:

(1) Pollution (including nuclear power)
(2) Limitation of nuclear weapons
(3) Marijuana decriminalization
(4) Corporate power
(5) Passage of Equal Rights Amendment

Does it seem odd that a generation of supposedly proto-libertarian individualists should come up with that particular list of favorite issues? A list of issues in which such perennial libertarian favorites as high taxes and inflation and the folly of economic regulation don't even appear? If you think about it for a moment or two, I submit that all the strangeness will go away and the list will not seem odd at all. What kind of individualist *wouldn't* want to live his life un-

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molested by soldiers and narcotics police and busybodies who wanted to prevent women from working wherever they desired and inconsiderate slobs who wanted to dumb garbage and poisons into the common supply of air and water? And what kind of libertarian would fail to see government as the villain in each of these cases?

It is government and government alone which makes war, whether with nuclear or any other weapons. It is government and government alone which lawfully persecutes individuals for smoking one herb rather than another. It is government and government alone which denies women equal protection under the law by barring them from employment in certain occupations. And it is government and government alone which has given a comparative handful of giant corporations the illegitimate power over our lives which only the most incorrigibly doctrinaire and willfully obtuse among us can go on pretending they don't "really" have. The most flagrant example of this illegitimate power (but by no means the only one) is the systematic dumping of toxic chemical wastes into the air we all breathe, the water we all drink and the soil from which we all derive our food, by large corporations acting under the protective wing of government. Government absolves them of all responsibility for the consequences of what they do. Government shields them even from the relatively slight unpleasantness of meeting their victims in court. Not infrequently, government taxes their victims to pay part of the cost of their own poisoning. Any champion of the individual against the state is just as inevitably an opponent of corporate power, drug laws, "protective" labor laws, and nuclear war as he is an opponent of the income tax, the regulation of industry, and the draft. Any libertarian *should* feel quite at home with the top five issues from the *Woodstock Census*.

Whether he feels at home with them or not, however, he'd better get used to them. They're here to stay. They're the wave of the future. The next two decades of American political life belong to the baby boom generation—a generation which, as we have seen, is ideologically individualist and anti-government and which is now looking for alternatives to the newly useless political labels and institutions of yesterday.

If you want to glimpse a few years into the future, to see where all this as yet inchoate Politics of Aquarius is taking us —look at California. California has always had a special cultural significance for the baby boom generation. More of them grew up here than anywhere else in the country. And as the years pass, more and more of those who didn't grow up here are moving here—or to the other Western states, principally Arizona, Colorado and Texas, which look to California in the way cities like Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago have traditionally looked to New York: as the cultural and communications center of the civilization which binds them together.

Consider some of the trends of the past two decades. Since 1960, when the leading edge of the baby boom generation reached adolescence, the populations of all the major Eastern cities have declined steadily, and the populations of all the major Western cities have steadily increased. Living in the West is cheaper, both because there is less need to invest money in efforts to fight the climate, and because there is, on average, less government and lower taxes in the West than in the East. Unemployment is still below the national average in all the major Western cities—Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, Portland, Seattle, Denver, Phoenix, Tucson, San Antonio, Dallas and Houston. It is *above* the national average in all the major Eastern cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Washington. Moreover, the industries which built the East and still sustain it—automobiles, steel, railroads—are all in decline, while those which have built and are still building the West —oil, computer technology, electronics, agriculture, entertainment (especially films and records)—are booming. Little wonder that younger people who do not already live in the West are moving here in such numbers. The West is where they can find work, build careers, afford the cost of living, and spend their off-work hours enjoying themselves and pursuing self-fulfillment, instead of shoveling snow.

The West is also where they can feel, culturally speaking, more at home. The average person in the West is younger than the average person in the East. A baby boomer newly come to the West therefore finds himself in a cultural environment much more accepting of diversity, eccentricity, and self-concern than the one he left behind him in the East.

California was the cradle of the campus rebellions of the '60s, of the rock revolution of that same decade, of the movies and TV shows which spread the younger generation's cultural values all over the country, of the psychology self-help movements which gave the Me Decade its name. California gave birth to the environmental movement and the tax revolt. And because the baby boom generation which accounts for the lion's share of its fast-growing adult population is the most literate in all of human history (fully half of its members have been to college), California is already beginning to assume leadership in areas of the communication field which had previously been dominated by the East, and particularly by New York.

Item: for two years running now, Los Angeles has been the largest book market in the U.S., ahead of New York; San Francisco is in fourth place, and is fast gaining on third-ranking Chicago.

Item: *Newsweek* reported in September that the *Los Angeles Times* is now ahead of the *New York Times* not only in daily circulation, but also in total pages devoted to news of national importance; it now publishes nearly twice as much such stuff everyday as the *New York Times*. As a result, *Newsweek* says, the L.A. *Times* has become "one of the nation's three best metropolitan dailies, closing steadily on *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post,*" and can now "hold its own with national and international coverage almost anywhere."

Item: the political magazine which has achieved and sustained the largest paid circulation ever built by any such magazine in all of American history is a monthly called *Mother Jones,* published not in New York or Washington, but in San Francisco. *Mother Jones* built this readership in less than a decade, by appealing to the baby boom generation; ten years ago, *Mother Jones* didn't exist.

The future is in California, and it is a libertarian future—or rather, it may be, if those who market the ideas of liberty study their demographics, if they notice the bulge of the baby boom generation in the years ahead, if they sense the libertarian undercurrents in the still coalescing political ideology of that generation, and if they make their points well. It's a tall order. Will it be filled?

Jeff Riggenbach is West Coast Editor of *The Libertarian Review.*

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From one corner of the country to another the message is going out to parents and students – if you want an education,

HELP YOURSELF

By Jack Shafer

"It is heresy to start your own school," says Dr. Anyim Palmer. "We are heretics. We have shown that it doesn't take elaborate facilities, it doesn't take credentialed, degreed, certificated teachers, and it doesn't take mammoth salaries to give children a good education."

Palmer should know. As the self-described yard boy, janitor, and founder of the Marcus Garvey Pre-school and Elementary in Los Angeles's predominantly black Crenshaw District, he has dealt with the problems of educating children on a day to day basis for the past six years—ever since he founded the school in 1975 with $20,000 and a fund of determination.

"It should be obvious why I started my own school," he says. "The Los Angeles school system gives our children a negative self-image, a debased concept of their community and the land of their nativity, Africa. Our public schools are anti-literacy as far as black children are concerned. Test scores show that not all children in the public schools are being made illiterate.The white public schools in Bel Air and Brentwood"—two wealthy Los Angeles communities—"are doing a magnificent job. In the inner city the primary function of the public schools is to lessen our potential as competitors."

Palmer's 16-member staff draws salaries ranging from $500 to $1,200 a month. Parents, who include both welfare recipients and doctors, pay around $120 a month in tuition. "The school is flat broke now, but we have our dignity," Palmer says.

He suggests that there is already increasing "black flight" from the public schools and that it will become more intense. There are two other black private schools in the im-

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mediate area and an estimated 10,000 blacks attending Catholic schools in Los Angeles. "I want to see more private schools springing up," Palmer told me. "Each one is a victory for our community."

Palmer dismisses the accusation that private schools skim the cream of students off the public schools, and undermine them by denying proper role models to the less motivated blacks who are left behind. "You would have to convince the parents who bring their children to a school that is making their children literate and productive from a school that can't as to who is undermining whom," he says. Palmer's first and foremost goal is to make his students literate so that they will be able to compete in the real world.

A few miles across town, near the L.A.-Santa Monica border, John Nordquist, teacher and associate director at Crossroads School, is pondering the reasons for the establishment of his own predominantly upper-middle-class alternative school. "The problems

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the public schools are facing seem so overwhelming that I don't see any other positive alternatives besides private schools," he says. "To start a school you need a real supportive group of parents, but you *can* start a school on a shoestring."

Crossroads was founded in 1971 with 34 seventh- and eighth-graders, two teachers, a part-time administrator, and $2,000 in seed money, and made its first year's budget on tuition alone. (The school charges $3,300 tuition, but reserves about ten percent of its budget for scholarships.) And in the short time since then, it has come a long way, maturing into a grade 7-12, coeducational, college-preparatory academy of 340 students. Crossroads graduates have been accepted by Yale, MIT, Stanford, Chicago, and Princeton. More important, as Nordquist himself puts it, "visitors to this campus are surprised to see students smiling, and their eyes alive."

Nordquist, a veteran public school teacher, clearly relishes the intimacy and freedom Crossroads offers. "The failure of the public schools to maintain high literacy standards has made it hard for us to find textbooks with an appropriate language level for our students," he says. "A 10th grade biology book gets written down to a 7th grade reading level. But unlike the public schools we have great freedom to introduce new books into courses in mid-year if it is appropriate. In the public schools it takes a couple of years to make any change in curriculum."

Marcus Garvey and Crossroads are only two of many examples of what should probably be regarded as the new wave in schooling—not only in Los Angeles, but all over the country: the rise of the private school. There are now about 560 private schools within the borders of the Los Angeles Unified School District. And that doesn't include the scores of private schools across the district's borders in Santa Monica, Glendale, and Beverly Hills. A rich variety of educational approaches flourishes in these private schools, both new and old: a personal involvement of students, parents, and teachers working together toward a common goal—educational miracles performed with tiny budgets, high morale, and a fierce sense of independence. There are $4,000 tuition college prep-schools steeped in tradition and ivy, and $90 a month "white flight" academies conducting half-day sessions in mobile trailer-classrooms. There are schools based on the educational precepts of Montessori, Piaget, Dewey, and Erikson. There are technical schools and religious schools. There are schools catering to the handicapped, the working child, even the young Mensan. There is an *école Français,* and there are "back-to-basics" schools.

The diversity, autonomy, thrift, and accountability of the private schools fare well in any comparison with the homogeneous, centralized, wasteful, and unaccountable state schools — so well that the parents of over 100,000 Los Angeles students carry a double financial burden to free their children from the state schools they are coerced to finance so they can send them to the private schools they voluntarily support. Private schooling in Los Angeles is thriving.

At the same time, students are deserting the Los Angeles Unified School District. The district's enrollment has dropped by more than 100,000 in the past ten years, and only a third of that exodus has occurred since the start of court-ordered busing in 1978. Today nearly 20 percent of the district's children attend private schools, compared to a state-wide average of 10 percent.

There are multiple causes for the decline of L.A. Unified and the concomitant rise of the private schools. The cumulative failures of the district in the last decade—student and teacher malperformance, fiscal irresponsibility, the busing imbroglio, the lowering of academic standards, inefficiency, growing dehumanization, lack of accountability—have finally added up in the minds of the district's subjects—people of all races, faiths, politics, and economic classes—and more and more of them have decided to abandon state for private schooling and educate their children as they see fit. After all, they reason, how can we do any worse than L.A. Unified?

Both *New West* and *Los Angeles* magazines have recently run articles on how declining L.A. Unified standards are jeopardizing students' chances of getting into the more selective colleges. Some students are attending local junior colleges or private schools to pick up the calculus and language electives the best colleges demand.

L.A. Unified can't even keep track of its own textbooks. In early December it was disclosed that while 75,419 unused textbooks collected dust in predominantly white schools, the RIMS schools, minority schools excluded from the mandatory desegregation plan, were 200,000 books short. Ada Mermer, principal of an East Side RIMS school, told the *Los Angeles Times,* "We've needed [the books] for a couple of years."

The L.A. Unified desegregation plan uses a lottery to choose the white and minority students who will be bused to achieve racial balance in the schools. Like the draft registration laws that round young men up for conscription, compulsory attendance laws summon most children into the public school lottery. If a draftee pulls a low lottery number he must serve the state's foreign policy. If a student draws a busing lottery-number, *he* must serve what the state calls "social justice" by being bused. Given this analogy, the students of the Calabasas Academy in the west end of Los Angeles's San Fernando Valley are lottery resisters.

The Calabasas Academy is disdainfully referred to by some as a "white flight" school, because it was established by Dr. Richard Kritzer during the first wave of court-ordered busing in 1978 as a "Canada" for busing dodgers. But for the most part the parents of Calabasas's students were satisfied with the job L.A. Unified was doing before busing. For them busing was only the first straw; but it was a very heavy straw, heavy enough to drive them out of the public schools. And many of them found, once they'd been shocked out of automatically and unthinkingly sending their children to the state schools, that they hadn't really been happy with the way their children were being publicly schooled after all.

As one Calabasas 8th grader put it, "In the public schools you can hide, and I did. Most teachers don't care. They're there to draw a paycheck, and they can't be fired. At Calabasas the teachers know who you are and know if you're doing your homework, and boy do they pile the homework on!"

Debby Daniels, the owner of Woodland Village Elementary and Pre-school, says much the same thing. "I got my own kids out of the public schools because they had become numbers," she told me. "We are here to teach, not to fill out forms. It's a cleaner and easier operation." Due to parent demand Daniels added 6th grade this year and is under pressure to expand the school to higher grades—and only partly because of the busing furor. But, restricted as she is by zoning laws, she wonders if she will be able to locate a facility. And even at 18 percent, loans for schools are hard to

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come by these days, so building on a new site seems definitely out of reach. Nevertheless, she says, "We'll find a way."

Meanwhile, one of her own daughters commutes over the Hollywood Hills to the newly formed New Jewish High School located in the basement of Temple Beth El. Dr. Sheldon Dorph, the headmaster, says, "Our school is for the student and parent who want to integrate the Jewish education with their general education. Orthodox Jews have had these sorts of schools for centuries, but for the Conservative, Reformed, and Liberal Jews this is really a new trend. In the last 20 or 30 years it's really taken off. We want our kids to see their lives as a whole. We teach that religion adds a dimension of meaning to subjects like science that they need to consider. For instance, with genetic engineering you can have the religion teacher and the science instructor engage in a dialogue before the class."

With 57 students and a projected 100 for next year, New Jewish High charges $3,000 tuition, which covers about 40 percent of its budget. The remainder comes from donations from the Jewish community.

Why are non-Orthodox Jews, traditional supporters of the public schools, now starting their own? Dr. Dorph responds, "People want quality programs. People are rethinking what public education should be. Vocations are changing. Public schools don't seem to be able to change quickly enough due to their size and bureaucratic structure. They are using a model developed 30 years ago and they aren't providing the skills needed. Private schools are more responsive to the needs of their clientele."

Judith Goldman of Wildwood Elementary, a parent-owned and operated school, tells a similar story. "Parents brought their children here," she says, "because they were looking for something, not because they were running from something." One of the things parents look for and find at Wildwood, Goldman believes, is a place where programmed materials like textbooks are avoided. "Teaching has become pretty mechanistic in the public schools," she says, "as people have given control of teaching materials over to the corporations who have developed the mass textbooks." Last year, instead of using the monolithic textbook for instruction, one class integrated all the facets of reading, math, history, and economics by running their class as a Colonial American village. The students printed money, wrote newspapers, and conducted mock trials.

Perhaps the most unusual of the emerging private school alternatives in Los Angeles is the Home Tutorial Program headed by Mike Gould. California's compulsory schooling laws allow home tutorials by credentialed teachers when approved by the local school district under state guidelines.

"Home Tutorial started out as an alternative to busing, but it's more than getting kids out of public school, it's getting them a good education," says Gould. The $30 a week Home Tutorial fee goes directly to the teachers, whose tutorial groups never exceed 6 students.

The 350 students in the grades 1-8 program have field trips, graduation ceremonies, and a yearbook. Teachers have developed common standards and meet regularly to plan curricula. Says Gould, "More and more the government is telling us what we can and cannot do. I think it's good that there is room for people to solve problems voluntarily with a program like Home Tutorial."

Although the state requires tutors to possess credentials, private schools are free to hire non-credentialed teachers. And many do. Rick Martin, acting principal of Los Angeles Lutheran High School, says, "The state credential is a throwaway to me. I look for teachers with a Church background." To John Nordquist of Crossroads, whose staff boasts non-credentialed teachers with Ph.D.s, a credential is only evidence that a person has made a commitment to education as a career. And it takes more than that, he says, to make a good teacher.

Likewise, the private schoolers do not hold accreditation in high regard—after all, the L.A. Unified schools are accredited. Nordquist says he finds that having an outsider assess his program gives him new insights into the relative strengths and weaknesses of Crossroads. But most of the others I talked with spoke of accreditation as "a security blanket for worried parents" or offered the approval and continued presence of parents and students as the best accreditation.

Most of the schools I visited try to set up scholarships, but find that just keeping above water can take all the money-punch they can muster. Curiously, few of them expressed much excitement when I asked them questions about tax credits or vouchers. Every one of them could use more money, of course, but most figure tax reform is as unlikely as educational reform, so they pursue private education instead of lost tax dollars.

None of the schools I visited had more than 450 students. The private schools prize the high student and teacher morale the small school generates—though the sense of community at these schools comes at least as much from their voluntary nature and their consensus over what educational theory to follow, as from their small size. Precisely because they are voluntary, private schools *unite* their self-defined communities. The public schools, on the other hand, *divide* people—over issues like desegregation, sex education, prayer, distribution of budget dollars,and the "subversive" content of library books. If you're displeased with a private school, you can transfer to another one or start a new one of your own. The political nature of the public schools encourages lawsuits, mudslinging campaigns, pressure groups, and conflict. That's the name of the game.

The public school is a branch of government. It has monopoly powers over a given geographical area, it has the power to tax, it has elections, it has massive bureaucracies, and it has a ruling class. For decades the rulers of L.A. Unified came from the white middle class. With whites now one of many minorities in Los Angeles, the district has become a battleground as various factions attempt to take control. And this has been the pattern in most other big city school systems in the U.S. as well.

The private school advocates in Los Angeles are not hard-core ideologues bent on smashing the state. But by revitalizing the tradition of private schooling in America they have demystified the role public education has come to play in our lives. The wall that separates the church from the state needs to be extended to separate education from the state. By establishing a prototype for how the market—that is, the voluntary association of individuals, their capital, and their labor—can privatize education as the state system decays, Los Angeles has shown us a way out of our educational morass and into a future in which government is walled out, but all the obstacles to learning, all the other walls created and maintained by government schools, are down for good.

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LICENSING THE DANCERS

By Kathy Sharp

How the Privacy Protection Act of 1980 Gets Around the First Amendment

Last October, on the same day President Carter was signing the Privacy Protection Act of 1980 into law, the Chicago Public Library Special Collections Division opened a special exhibit in the center of the library's high-ceilinged second floor rotunda lobby. The exhibit, made possible by a grant from the Playboy Foundation, was entitled "Anglo-American Struggle: Freedom of the Press, 1644-1837"—just as though its subject was purely historical and the struggle for press freedom was a victorious battle which Americans proudly won nearly 150 years ago.

If this were true, of course, there would have been no need for the Privacy Protection Act of 1980, a piece of legislation which was designed to protect journalists from the kinds of general newsroom searches approved by the U.S. Supreme Court in the *Stanford Daily* case of 1978. The struggle for press freedom has been and continues to be an ongoing one. And notwithstanding the effusions of journalists like the *New York Times*'s Anthony Lewis, who called for public celebration of the signing of the Privacy Protection Act, this latest legislative attempt to preserve press freedom is no more a final solution to the problem than any of the other attempts which preceded it. In fact, the Privacy Protection Act, whose provisions take effect for local and state law enforcement officers on October 13 of this year (they took effect January 1 for federal law enforcement officers), should probably be regarded as a step backward, a step toward *less* freedom of expression in the mass media.

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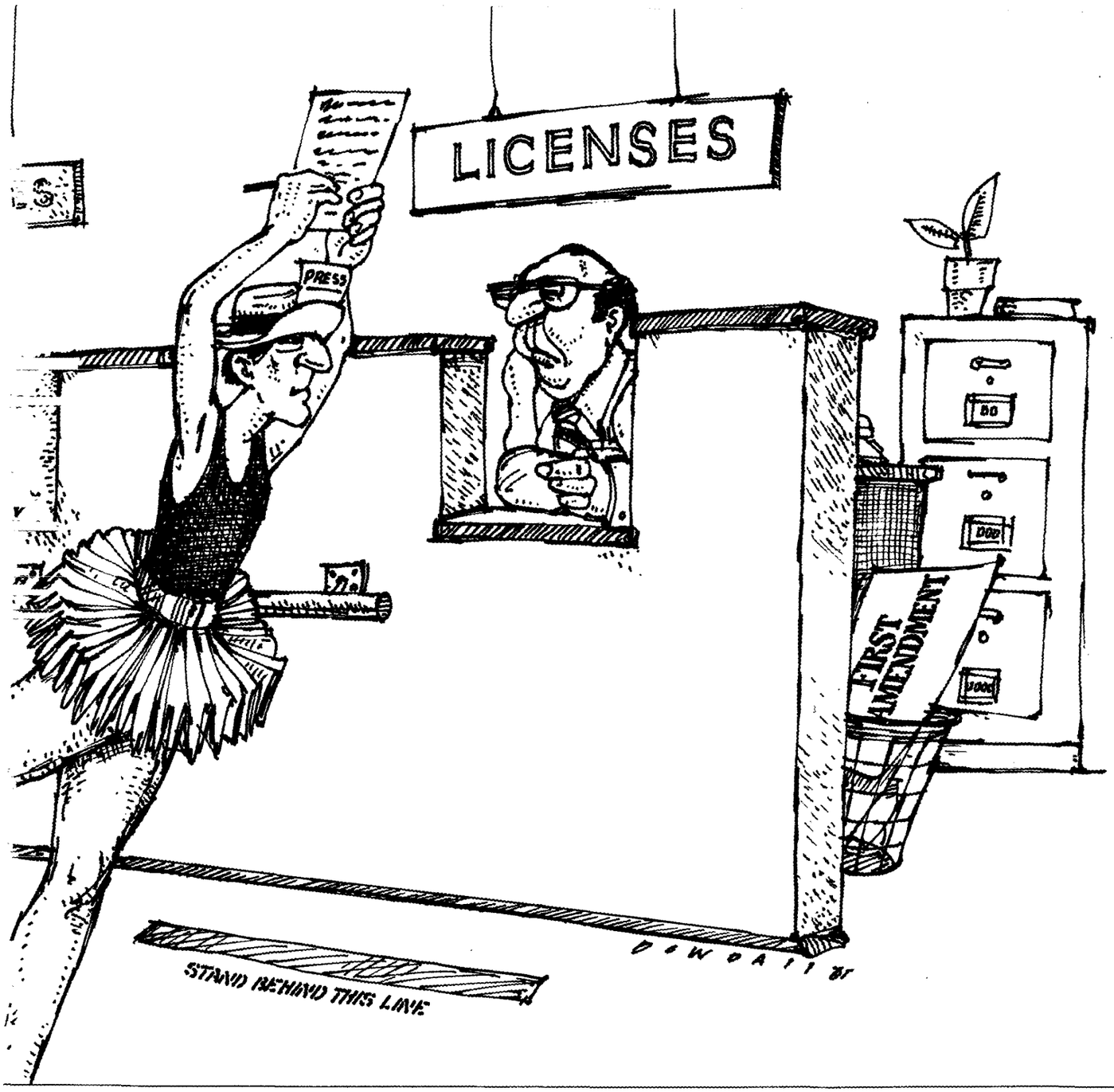

To see why this is true, we must first remember what things were like before the *Stanford Daily* case. And doing so requires that we recall as well the exact combination of circumstances which gave rise to that important case in the first place.

On April 22, 1971, for the first time in American history, a newspaper office was searched by local police. Four Palo Alto, California police officers entered Stanford University's campus paper, the *Stanford Daily,* and flashed a warrant which gave them the power to go through the newspaper's files, searching for certain photographs. The coveted photographs were connected to a recent clash between campus demonstrators and police during which some policemen had been injured. The police hadn't had a photographer at the scene. But the *Daily* had run a special issue chronicling the campus upset. So the Palo Alto police chief, James Zurcher, surmised that the *Daily* probably had some identifying pictures of the demonstrators attacking police.

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Except for that surmise, Zurcher completely ignored all the guidelines established by the Justice Department in the early '70's for issuing search warrants. As Justice Potter Stewart pointed out in his dissenting opinion, no one at the *Daily* was suspected of a criminal activity, the materials sought were not contraband, nor was there an emergency need to protect a person's life or property. Also, there wasn't any valid reason to suspect that the *Daily* wouldn't have responded to a subpoena, the polite way for law enforcement officers to ask for something which doesn't belong to them.

And it isn't only a matter of politeness. If the police had issued a subpoena duces tecum instead of the more rude and intrusive search warrant, they would have saved themselves and the media a lot of time, money, and trouble. Instead they created a court case which dragged on for seven long, costly years and never did produce the coveted photographs, since they never existed in the first place.

Over the course of almost a decade, the case developed like this: In 1971, the *Daily* filed suit against the police, charging violations of the First, Fourth, and Fourteenth Amendments (relating to freedom of the press, the prohibition against unreasonable search and seizure, and the limitation of the power of state as well as federal governments by the Bill of Rights). The court granted the paper relief, ruling that a magistrate could issue a warrant on a third party *only* if a subpoena was "impractical," which the Court held not to be the case in this case. The police appealed the decision, but the Ninth Circuit Court upheld it. So the police took their case before the Supreme Court. And on May 31, 1978, the Court shocked the public by reversing the lower court's ruling on a 5-3 vote.

Justice Byron White wrote the majority opinion in the *Stanford Daily* case, and showed himself much more concerned with expediency than with constitutionality—not only in the vagueness with which he employed important terms like "reasonable limits," but also in the irresponsible attitude he adopted toward the possibility of future infringements of the people's rights by the law.

"The fact is," White wrote, "that respondents and amici have pointed to only a few instances in the entire United States since 1971 involving the issuance of warrants for searching newspaper premises. This reality hardly suggests abuse; and if abuse occurs, there will be time enough to deal with it."

Yet, though the Court was unconvinced of the reality of abusive search and seizures, such things *had* been happening. Since the Stanford rummage, incidents of abusive search and seizures had been numerous. But such stories were like meteors exploding in a summer sky: you couldn't miss them as they were spread out on the front page of the morning newspaper; you also never saw them again, as they disappeared the next day when hotter and brighter stories replaced yesterday's burnt-out news.

According to a 1978 newsletter published by the Reporter's Committee for Freedom of the Press, between 15 and 20 such searches occurred between 1971 and 1978, many of them in California radio stations and newspaper offices which had received letters from groups like the Symbionese Liberation Army and the New World Liberation Front. Other abusive searches and seizures occurred in the private homes and offices of doctors, lawyers, and psychiatrists. And since the Court reversed the Stanford decision in 1978, at least 12 more have occurred, which means they've been occurring at three times the rate of '71-'78.

One of the most important of these more recent cases took place during the Summer of 1979, during a hot spell marked by a rash of prison riots. One of these riots occurred at the Idaho State Penitentiary, where three hundred inmates seized a cellblock at noon one Wednesday, July 23, and held it for 18 hours. The riot stemmed in part from over-crowded conditions (the 516-person capacity prison was a bit cramped with 750 inmates), high prison tensions and the sultry summer heat, it was sparked by a search of cells and subsequent confiscation of property by prison guards. The property included contraband items such as soup spoons, knives, and clubs fashioned from lead pipes. But it also included guitars, radios, blankets and TVs. This abusive search and seizure prompted inmates to storm the prison, take two guards as hostages, and present a list of demands, which included better food, recreation, medical care and work opportunities.

At the request of the prisoners, the managing editor of Boise, Idaho TV station KBCI, Bob Loy, and cameraman Mark Montgomery were invited inside the prison. Loy says he was inside for maybe twenty minutes, and that none of the interviews he conducted while there was confidential. "I didn't even want to know their names," he told me. Once outside the prison walls, the KBCI news team joined all the other media organizations that showed up during those two hot days, and recorded the riot itself.

According to Loy, the station had planned to use its videotapes for a documentary to be aired the following week. However, two days after the filming of the riot, KBCI received a tip that, on the following morning, the police intended to search the station for the prison tapes. "We had information from a reporter who had overheard a conversation in the courtroom," said Loy. "Soon, it was common knowledge around town."

That evening, according to Loy, he and others spent the night at the station. The next morning, the investigator from the Ada County prosecutor's office showed up at the door with a search warrant and five members of the county sheriff's department. And for the next hour and a half, law officials went through the files, desk drawers and garbage cans of the station until they found the two prison tapes they were after. They did not, however, find the originals.

"We always make duplicates of our tapes for our own use," said Loy. And when KBCI learned of the law's search plans, the station had decided to put only the duplicate set of tapes within the law's reach, keeping the originals safely stowed away somewhere. "The quality of the originals is much better on the air than the duplicates would be," Loy told me. "Also, it was a way of getting their goats."

Now, in an attempt to get more than just "their goat," KBCI is suing Ada County Prosecutor Jim Harris, the Ada County Prosecutor's Office itself, and the State of Idaho. When I asked Harris about the case, I heard quite a different story of the KBCI search. "We had a warrant on noon Thursday," Harris told me. And Thursday was the day after the KBCI crew was filming inside the prison walls. "We asked the station if we could look at their videotapes, in hopes of identifying some of the instigators of the riot," said Harris. Since the Idaho State Penitentiary had burned down during the riot, many of the criminals were being transferred to prisons in neighboring states. Harris had hoped to get a view of the videotapes before the prisoners left the state.

"However," said Harris, "the station refused to let us look at the videotapes in their station. At that time, I told them we

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had a warrant and that if they tampered with the tapes or tried to destroy them, they would be guilty of a crime. I did this hoping to get their voluntary cooperation without having to serve a warrant."

According to Harris, KBCI went to court the following day and tried to quash the warrant, but the judge refused. "Only after I had tried every other method, did I resort to using the search warrant," Harris said. "Even then, I gave them an hour's notice before serving it."

And the disagreement between Harris and Bob Loy doesn't end there, either. Harris says he tried every method short of a warrant to get his hands on the KBCI tapes. But he seems not to have thought of using a simple subpoena, which Loy says would have done the trick.

"Why sure," Loy told me when I asked about a subpoena, "We've complied with the law in the past on numerous occasions." He referred to various videotapes of robberies and car accidents which the station had handed over the the law on request in the past. "However," he said, "We will never turn over outakes [edited-out material] of our tapes. These portions belong to the station, while the aired films belong to the public. These we will gladly turn over on request."

And how many outakes were involved in this case? Because the station still had the original tapes, the scheduled documentary was aired a few days after the search. "About 95 percent of our film appeared on air," Loy claims. He says the rest was edited out. But Harris maintains that "the vast majority of the tapes were not broadcast. When we compared the copies we had to what was later broadcast," he says, "we realized there was more material." Loy claims he was filming inside the prison walls for only about twenty minutes. Harris insists it was closer to an hour.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the conflict between the Boise law officials and KBCI could evolve into a very expensive legal battle. (Ask the *Stanford Daily*, whose thousands of dollars in legal fees were—fortunately—absorbed by media donations). KBCI intends to pay all litigation fees from its own purse, a prospect which doesn't even seem to phase Loy. "It depends on the price you're willing to pay for your constitutional rights," he says.

However expensive the case may yet become, it has already become influential. The day I spoke with Loy, KBCI had just received a letter from the National Association of Broadcasters concerning the new Privacy Protection Act of 1980. If it hadn't been for KBCI's unfortunate experience, the NAB spokesman wrote, that law would not be in effect today. "That," Loy told me, "is at least some consolation."

The Privacy Protection Act of 1980 was sponsored in the House of Representatives by Robert Kastenmeier (D.-Wis.) and in the Senate by Birch Bayh (R.-Ind.). It applies on the federal, state and local levels and protects the notes, tapes, films and photos of all those engaged in disseminating information to the public unless:

(1) the person involved is suspected of a crime,

(2) the information sought is necessary to prevent death or serious bodily harm,

(3) there is reason to believe that a subpoena would result in the destruction or concealment of the materials,

(4) the materials sought are contraband,

(5) a subpoena has been obtained but has failed to produce the materials.

If these conditions sound familiar, they should. They're the same ones circulated as guidelines years ago by the Justice Department, the very ones Justice Potter Stewart referred to in his 1978 dissenting opinion in the Stanford case. Because the Court's decisions haven't adhered to the guidelines, the executive and legislative branches have intervened in an attempt to enforce them as law.

But there is more. Under the Privacy Protection Act, the police can conduct a search of a newspaper office and seize information relating to the national defense, as well as any classified information or restricted data under the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 or the Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950. It could be argued that the Pentagon Papers, the Watergate exposés, and that famous H-Bomb issue of the *The Progressive* might never have seen ink under this new law.

Moreover, although the new law seems to cleverly sidestep the loaded, oft-mooted questions of whether journalists should be accorded special legal protections not available to everyone else, it in fact extends its dubious protection *only* to media people. The law doesn't specify journalists: instead of focusing on people of any kind, the language of the Act focuses on the work-product materials of "any person reasonably believed to have a purpose to disseminate to the public a newspaper, book, broadcast or other similar form of public communication." The average police officer or magistrate will be left to decide whether any particular set of files or photographs is "work-product material" or "non-work product material"—that is, whether it is possessed in anticipation of "communicating such materials to the public." And it doesn't take much more imagination than you're likely to find in the average cop or magistrate to figure out where *that* will leave your doctor or your lawyer or your clergyman.

Last October, when President Carter was signing the Privacy Protection Act into law, a prominent place was awarded in the Chicago Public Library/Playboy Foundation exhibit on freedom of the press to a large, black-ink portrait of John Milton. "If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners," Milton wrote more than 300 years ago, "we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song sung but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing of dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest; ... it will ask more than the work of 20 licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins...."

Under the abhorred licensing system of Tudor and Stuart England, against which Milton was fulminating in his essay, a government license had to be procured for all written material prior to publication. This system was abandoned in England in 1695. And, as Justice Warren Burger pointed out in a 1979 opinion on a Massachusetts case, it was precisely the purpose of the First Amendment to bar such licensing from this country. The First Amendment provides, of course, that the Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press. But the Privacy Protection Act of 1980 provides, as we have seen, that government officials may seize *some* journalistic work materials *before publication*, if those materials relate to certain subjects—such as national security, nuclear power, and "subversive" activities.

So far, not at all surprisingly, no one has expressed any interest in having the celebration the *New York Times*'s Anthony Lewis proposed in honor of the Privacy Protection Act. We can only hope that if such a celebration materializes sometime in 1981, there will be no "licensing of dancers" at the party. ❑

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BOOKS AND ARTS

Promises, promises

T.S. HUNTER,

The New Right: We're Ready to Lead, *by Richard A. Viguerie. The Viguerie Company, 243 pp., $8.95/ $2.25.*

The American Future: New Visions Beyond Old Frontiers, *by Tom Hayden, South End Press, 325 pp., $15/$6.*

NATIONAL POLITICIANS must pitch utopia if they expect to garner the negotiable tender of votes. An occasional politician like Jerry Brown can bamboozle citizens with slick, hick-carney-shyster "era of limits" subterfuge long enough to ascend to a lesser office like the California throne. But when a politician like Brown or Carter takes distopian ideas like "the lowering of expectations" nationwide, rival politicians catch the scent of death and indulge in a feeding frenzy while ready journalists give the distopian politician a good case of media burn. A smart politician must offer to do nothing less than usher in the millennium. Few voters are satisfied with the status quo, and only the mentally bent want a future worse than the present.

It should be no surprise, then, that Jimmy Carter's sour campaign realism of a tough future-of-limits filled with sacrifice, reduced incomes, less liberty via conscription, and deeper government intervention into the economy turned voters to Reagan, who promised guns, butter, bacon, bazookas, bailouts, oceans of oil, MX missiles, lower taxes, and smitten Russkies. Smart politicians turn fast laps on the campaign speedway and burn promises as freely as they burn the tread off their tires. They promise the voters everything, because as Jimmy Carter proved, a politician rarely needs a second term to break all the promises he made in his winning campaign.

When a believer's prayers go unanswered, of course, he generally trades his old god in on a new one; and when political promises go unanswered voters trade the old politicians in on newer models. Worn out gods are retired permanently, but old politicians merely pull off the political speedway long enough to get their tires recapped with new promises.

Enter hard drivers and big wheels Richard A. Viguerie, author of *The New Right: We're Ready To Lead,* publisher of the *Conservative Digest,* direct-mail wizard, and nominal head of the New Right, and Tom Hayden, author of *The American Future: New Visions Beyond Old Frontiers,* 1960s anti-war and civil rights activist, leader of a New Left so new they had to call it Economic Democracy, and chair of the California political machine called the Campaign for Economic Democracy — inventive politicians both of them, who have put new tread on the bald tires of right and left. Political contemporaries (Viguerie only counts six more years than Hayden's 41), Viguerie came of age under the guidance of *National Review,* YAF, and the Goldwater campaign, while Hayden cut his teeth at the University of Michigan, co-founding SDS and battling the Johnson-Nixon Indochina War. And dissimilar though their resumes and ideologies might seem, at bottom they both promise the same thing — the millennium.

Viguerie's God is a political conservative, against abortion, non-marital sex, communism, ERA, hard and soft core pornography, prostitution, and recreational drugs. And since the Lord seems to be an absentee landlord, Viguerie and the New Right are willing to manage the property, subdue the Antichrist, and build the earthly Kingdom until He returns. Viguerie's religious vision allows free enterprise as long as that doesn't in-

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clude the free exchange of sinful porn, dope, or sex among Americans or the sale of grain, technology, or computers to the Soviets when they displease us (though I imagine a provision for the sale of porn, dope, and sex to the Soviets might be possible as part of Viguerie's plan to unleash the supposedly curbed CIA and start a NATO "Department of Unconventionl Warfare"). Viguerie is for Empire, an American Millennium, if you will, instead of an American Century. He is for propped up dictators, expanded U.S. military might, censored arts, and trade wars. Viguerie promises more freedom and less government, but not until we've freed the Soviets. New Right logic utters promises of slashed taxes in the same breath with proposals to quickly expand our weapons stockpile by doing away with time consuming low bids. Viguerie can burn promises with the best of them.

"Richard Viguerie and Tom Hayden, dissimilar though they may seem, both promise the same thing."

And then there's Tom Hayden's millennium. Hayden has taken more shots from the press in his career than Jake La Motta took in a lifetime of pugilism. The most recent broadsides, penned in *Esquire* and *New West* by former comrades, gave him second- and third-degree media burns, but they concentrated on his personality to the exclusion of his ideas. Hayden is abrasive, obnoxious, opportunistic, and bitter. So what? He also seems to be a model husband and father, and a charming person when he wants to be. The bottom line is he is a politician (and, something his old pals can't forgive, a damn good one), who has more political lives than that old skinned cat Dick Nixon.

Hayden's goal is to reconstitute the New Deal as the New Vision, a coalition of disaffected '60s radicals, minorities, blue collars, consumers, civil libertarians, antinukers, and pro-solars. Like fellow new lefty Kirkpatrick Sale, Hayden believes that the scale of our institutions has exceeded human dimensions. The New Vision therefore calls for new values, leaner living, decentralizaton of power, and conservation, and rails against the fact that we spend more on pornography than on "the arts" and more on pet food than on school lunches. There are no problems in Hayden's universe which cannot be solved by an appropriate dose of democracy. Hayden would also recast the corporations in his image, making management accountable to all, not just stockholders, and guide the corporations by standards of total economic and social performance instead of profits alone.

A common libertarian cliche has it that the left has a lot in common with us except that they don't understand economics. Hayden, unfortunately, has learned only half of the dismal science. He knows that inflation is an increase in the money supply, that government and corporations externalize many of their costs, and that there is a sweetheart deal between the state and big business. But he also mistakenly believes that lessened consumption of grain in the United States will liberate grain for the starving people around the world. It won't. What it will do is lower the price of grain and direct farmers to use their fields for more profitable crops or ventures. In Hayden's mind the fantasy of cheap and plentiful resources is being replaced by the reality of an era of scarcity, and we must entrust our future to governmental Economic Democrats and their conserving stewardship if we are to survive.

But in a finite world all things are scarce, and it is the price system that integrates the information about the relative scarcity of things so we can act in an economic manner. It is the impersonal signals of the market, the coordination of millions of disparate bits of information into a price, that Hayden wishes to replace with democracy by ballot, along with deeper intervention of government into energy, housing, medicine, and control of capital. Hayden doesn't understand that profit and loss is based on information, risk, action, and entrepreneurship, and that an unhampered price system where individuals can vote as they please with their dollars is true economic democracy. In Hayden's passion to contain the corporations, he encircles individuals as well. And in his desire to divide what he considers to be an ever-shrinking economic pie, he burns it.

Viguerie and Hayden present no critique of state power; there is no hint or discussion in either book that state power is a bad thing in and of itself. Both men are power brokers who see the state as merely the biggest power game in town. Viguerie tries to organize his conservative middle-class majority to govern, and Hayden tries to organize his *conserving* middle-class majority to govern. If you look beyond their differences on issues (the only position they share is a courageous opposition to waste in government), you see that Viguerie and Hayden have everything in common. Both have built very similar political machines in their pursuit of power and votes. Both run campaign schools and leadership seminars, are allied with think tanks, and keep their eyes open for new single issues to incorporate into their coalitions. For unlike Democratic and Republican partyarchs, Viguerie and Hayden organize around issues rather than candidates. Unlike the old right and the (old) New Left, Viguerie and Hayden prefer winning to going down in flames for pure principles. Both toyed with the idea of starting new political parties, and both discovered that most political power in this country is already channeled through the two major parties and decided that it was easier to capture an existing power base than to create a new one. Their strategies are shockingly, exactly similar: establish yourself first as the opposition, then as the alternative, and finally as the government.

Viguerie and Hayden are keen appreciators of each other's strategies, and willing to learn from each other's successes. Viguerie's direct-mail has succeeded at raising so much money because of its narrow focus around single issues. A contributor to the prayer-in-school movement might not favor the right-to-work issue, so Viguerie keeps the appeals separate, but his computer remembers the names and address of all contributors, and his marketing strategy decides which other single issue pitches the prayerful contributor *might* fall prey to. Viguerie has used this financial base, and the connections he's forged with various single-issue organizations, to infiltrate the Republican Party, take top positions in the local, state, and national G.O.P., run candidates, write the platform, and nominate a President. He also marshalled contributors last fall against liberals McGovern, Bayh, and Church through political action committees. In 1980, because of Viguerie, political power grew out of the barrel of a mailbox. Hayden understands the value of this developing political technology and will not be ashamed in the next few years to combine his own grassroots style with Viguerie-style "mailroots."

Of all of Hayden's successes, Viguerie probably most admires CED. With fitting irony Hayden has reestablished the political machine perfected by his 1968 Chicago nemesis and fellow Irish Catholic, Hizzoner Richard Daley. Like Boss Daley's machine, Hayden's pivots on a far-flung coalition, with dedicated precinct workers who get out the vote. Like Daley's machine, Hayden's deals influence, endorsements, and patronage—CED routinely swaps staff with Jerry Brown's organization. If Daley were alive he would be proud of Hayden, and would probably pay him the compliment of cutting a deal with him. It's no secret that Republicans have envied the labor-intensive Democratic machines for years, and now that the Democrats seem to have lost God, the flag, and morality to the Republicans, you can expect to see more single-issue conservatives walking precincts to defeat godless, traitorous, and hedonistic liberal candidates.

But single-issue coalitions like Viguerie's and Hayden's are inherently unstable. The New Deal coalition held together so long because it was able to finance its social programs out of expanding wealth in the economy and through the installment plan. Today both those bills are due and on their way to

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the collector, and even Hayden knows the days of the full public trough are over. Both Viguerie and Hayden therefore pitch austere, efficient governments (a contradiction in terms if there ever was one), to attract voters who are disenchanted with the mega-state. And both will inevitably be held accountable for their failures and broken promises as they consolidate their positions of power. Already, Viguerie has lost the Reagan cabinet to the Eastern Republican Establishment. How long will he be able to sucker support for the building of a millennium when a presidency is being stolen right from under his nose? And what will happen if Hayden's government-sponsored solar energy program stiffs, or worse yet, spawns environmental health hazards like those in the petrochemical and nuclear industries he is dedicated to protect us from?

Single issue organizations are powerful but transient, and for single issue coalitions to endure they must deliver the political goods — the millennium — or have a vital ideological center, such as libertarianism has, to hold them together. Neither the New right nor the New Economic Democrats will endure. As Leo P. Ribuffo put it in *The Nation* last November, the New Right is "...essentially the same old conglomeration of avid cold warriors, rhetoricians of laissez faire and proponents of cultural retrenchment." Likewise, Economic Democracy is merely a new name for a party whose symbol is still the ass.

In his recent *Reason* interview, Thomas Sowell talked about how the moral and emotional appeal of the Marxist vision blinds people to the fact that Marxism doesn't deliver the goods. Marxism endures, he said, because it efficiently consolidates power and neutralizes critics and doubts. Liberty, says Sowell, has no utopian vision to compete with the Marxist one. And until it does it will not appeal to the masses.

But liberty is not like Marxism, Viguerieism, or Haydenism. It is not about the consolidation of power—it is about the abolition of power. Liberty is not about the neutralization of critics and doubt—it is about open inquiry. Any effort to disguise the coming of a libertarian society as millennial will fail. Liberty cannot promise political goods. It cannot deliver state power. If the libertarian vision is to endure and succeed it will be because it has a consistent, vital center which can hold and because liberty is not a means to an end, but an end in itself.

Meanwhile, politicians like Viguerie and Hayden will continue to attempt the weaving of societal tapestries with individual human threads who want no part of their millennia. Vigueries and Haydens cannot be abolished, they can only be found out and discredited. And when they are we will be given but a moment's respite before their millennial visions are recapped and back on the political speedway. The unmasking of their carnival of buncombe will be an unending task.

T.S. Hunter is a freelance journalist who finds the prospect of liberty more appealing than the promises of millennia from politicians of either the Left or the Right.

The cost of knowing

ROBERT L. FORMAINI

Knowledge and Decisions, *by Thomas Sowell. Basic Books, 422 pp., $20.00.*

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT so much common sense can be packed in one volume? UCLA economist Tom Sowell, who already has a number of fine publications to his credit, including the classic *Race and Economics*, has written one of the best books of the decade. The breadth of topics covered is extraordinary, as is the wealth of research and the simple, always precise prose.

The genesis of *Knowledge and Decisions* is a short essay by F. A. Hayek. "If one writing contributed more than any other to the framework within which this work developed," Sowell writes, "it would be an essay entitled 'The Use of Knowledge in Society' which appeared in the *American Economic Review* in September, 1945. In this plain and apparently simple essay was a deeply penetrating insight into the way societies function and malfunction, and clues as to why they are so often and so profoundly misunderstood."

Most libertarians are familiar with Hayek's work in general, and many are no doubt conversant with this particular essay. For such readers, suffice it to say that Sowell's extension of Hayek's insight is brilliant. And, like Hayek, Sowell is easy to read and equally easy to misunderstand. Each page contains insight, but often, as with Hayek's writing, many gems of information are left unextended and bereft of supportive exposition. Therefore, reading this book requires close attention and assumes prior knowledge of social science terminology. All this is repaid many times over, however, by the virtuosity of the analyses, and the comprehensive overview of source materials. To use an abused cliché, if you read only one book this year, let it be this one.

H.L. Mencken said, "The kind of man who demands that government enforce his ideas is always the kind whose ideas are idiotic." Why? Precisely because, as Sowell demonstrates so convincingly, all social regulation carries a hidden price tag. The fact that we cannot measure costs accurately in non-voluntary, coerced exchanges does not mean that such exchanges, on balance, produce more benefit than cost. The idealistic planner of human affairs is by nature myopic. He sees a specific area of life that, at least to him, is unsatisfactory, so he promotes regulatory changes that he hopes will produce a more satisfactory state of affairs. This process is not zero sum game, of course. Some people's losses do not exactly balance other people's gains. The benefits are often concentrated and easily observable, while the losses can be socialized over the whole population. This is why "special interest group" lobbying is so effective: the recipients are few and make loud noises, while the donors who provide the redistributed largesse are diffuse and unorganized. It is comparatively difficult to know who they are.

Thus, if a community bands together and passes rent control measures, the beneficiaries are easy to find and represent a political constituency that politicians needn't waste much time and resources locating and exploiting. The costs of finding the constituency of all those who will suffer in the future from the rent control ordinance, on the other hand, makes forming such a constituency virtually impossible. Most of those individuals haven't even moved into the area where the laws are in force. In short, the cost of obtaining the knowledge needed to form the anti-rent control forces far exceeds what people are willing to spend.

Nor is the difficulty of obtaining such knowledge extraordinary. It is comparably difficult to know (that is, to quantify) the losses these unidentified individuals suffer. As Sowell writes,

"The losses resulting from rent control are not losses of physical matter or of money. Both can exist in the same amounts as before—and therefore cannot be measured in 'objective' statistical data based on relevant transactions (renting). The *reduction* or nonexistence of *desired* transactions is precisely the loss and no numbers or expertise can objectively measure thwarted desires. The most that can be objectively documented are waiting lists, illegal payments to landlords, and other scattered artifacts analogous to the broken pottery and remnants of clothing available to anthropologists studying pre-historic peoples."

Virtually all the numbers games played with vacancy rates, average rental prices ("I knew a man who drowned crossing a stream with an average depth of six inches"), new construction figures, etc., are similarly irrelevant when discussing rent control. First, these numbers are seldom accurate. And second, even if they are, as Sowell argues, they are useless as guides to forming public policy.

And rent control isn't the only field of public policy analysis to which such an argument may be applied. Building on earlier work he completed for *Race and Economics* and "Affirmative Action Reconsidered" (an article in the Winter, 1976 *Public Interest*), Sowell devotes page after page of his new book to examinations of the statistical arguments used to justify social policy aimed at "equalizing opportunity." Here is but one example:

"Even before 'affirmative ac-

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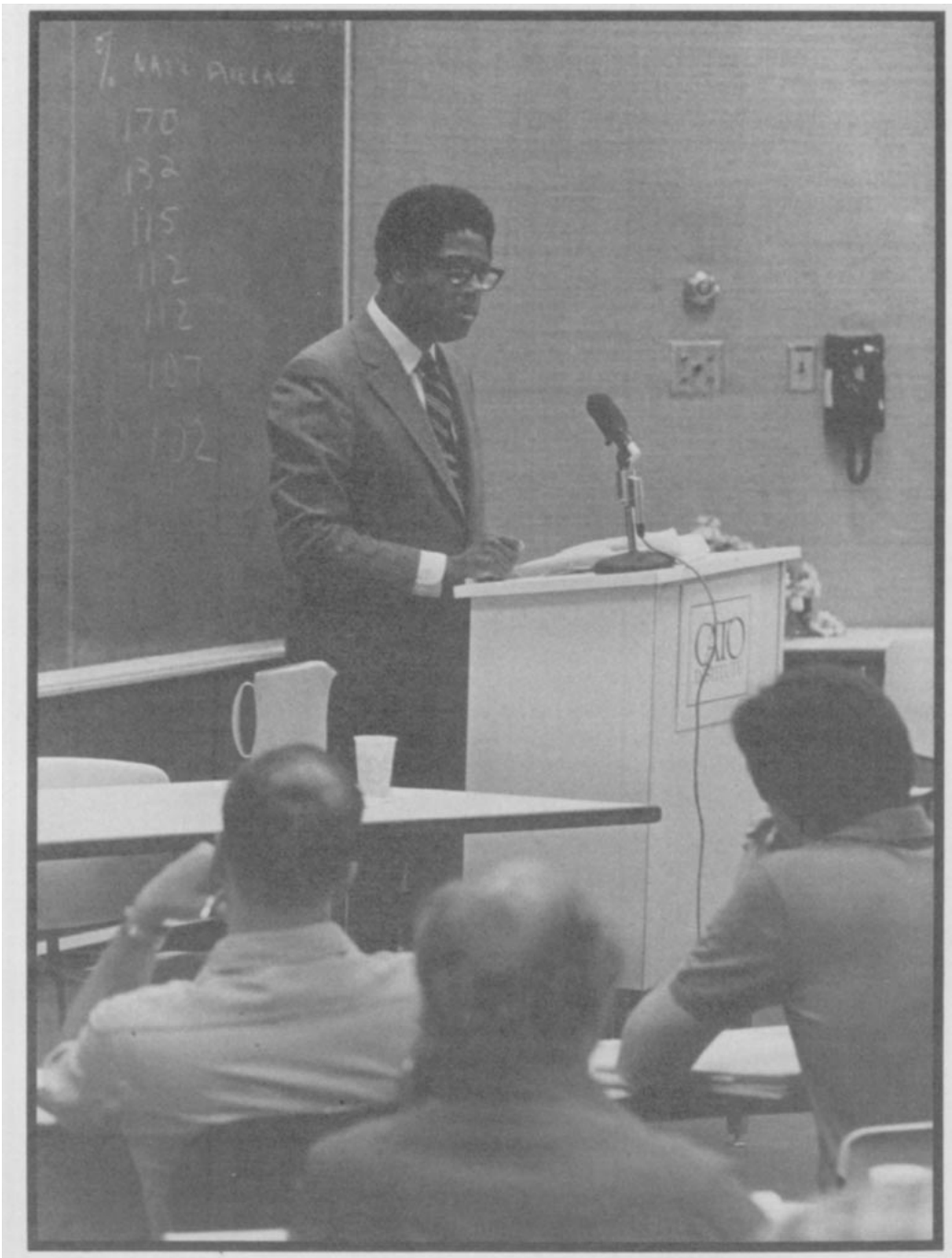
tion' quotas, women in their thirties who worked continuously since high school earned slightly *more* than men in their thirties who worked continuously since high school. In the academic world, where many discrimination charges have been filed...female academics earned slightly *more* than male academics when neither married—again even before 'affirmative action'—unmarried female PhD's who received their degrees in the 1930s and 1940s became full professors in the 1950s to a slightly *greater* extent than did unmarried male PhD's of the same vintage.

"In short, the male-female differences in incomes and occupations are largely differences between married women and all other persons."

Sowell also repeats his famous arguments on income distribution, showing that the median age of income groups has a definite bias effect on aggregate statistics. Geographical locations also play a role, he argues, and are not the result of any intentional policy on the part of "society."

Addressing the question of rising crime rates, Sowell convincingly demonstrates that statistics on poverty cannot be put to the use critics would like: "Insofar as poverty, discrimination, and imprisonment are variables believed to be correlated with crime rates," he writes, "the evidence refutes the hypothesis. Insofar as these constitute an axiom, it is of course immune to evidence." To those individuals who subscribe to the "behaviorist-environmentalist" view of human actions, Sowell points out that there is no contradiction in accepting that position, and still insisting on speedy trials and punishments for wrongdoing: "...even if we accept, for the sake of argument, that environment is largely responsible—or even solely responsible—it does not follow that punishment is futile, either incrementally or categorically. Punishment is itself part of the environment. The argument that environmental forces influence control the incidence of crime in no way precludes punishment from being effective, though that theory has often been put forward for that purpose."

Economist Thomas Sowell, author of Knowledge and Decisions, *lecturing at a recent Seminar on Political Economy sponsored by the San Francisco-based think tank, the CATO Institute.*



Predictably, Sowell deals with totalitarian ideologies as information repressing systems, in which question-begging and motive questioning are low-cost methods of dealing with facts that seem to contradict the received ideology. The argument that we remain free so long as we can vote people out of office, and that therefore we have nothing to fear from state growth, he refutes in a single sentence: "Democracy is not simply the right to change political personnel, but the right to change *policies*."

Also predictably, Sowell treats property rights, not as the inherent birthright of every human being, but as a social arrangement whose justification lies in its efficiency. Still, when discussing *why* property rights are more efficient, Sowell is unexcelled:

"Property rights mean self-interested monitors. No owned creatures are in danger of extinction. No owned forests are in danger of being leveled. No one kills the goose that lays golden eggs when it is his goose. Even chicken who lay ordinary eggs are in no danger of being killed before their replacements have been provided. No logging company is going to let its own forest become a mass of stumps, though it may do that on 'public' land. By creating property rights (monitors) with a vested interest in the maximization of a given set of values, property rights reduce the social cost of monitoring efficiency."

The self-interested monitors of Sowell's book are an extension of the arguments Ludwig von Mises made in his short examination of *Bureaucracy*, more specifically, the argument that there is a definite difference between the bureaucracy at DOE and the one at General Motors, even though in the typical political science class they are treated as equals. The profit/loss incentives of the market economy will guarantee that

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the monitors at General Motors exercise greater care and efficiency, not only in the rationalistic framework they set up, but also in the closeness with which they monitor its ongoing performance.

Government bureaucrats, by contrast, confront no profit/loss incentives. Instead they confront *political* incentives. And they are therefore much less interested in efficiency than in power-brokering. Sowell illustrates this point by referring to toll charges on highways and bridges, which, he points out,"typically are highest for those who create the least cost and lowest for those who create the most. The capacity of a highway or bridge is usually based on the volume of rush hour traffic, so that the costs of building and expanding the facility are due to rush-hour users. The incremental cost of other people's using it during non-rush hours, when it has idle capacity, are far less and perhaps virtually zero. Yet discount books of toll coupons are likely to be made available on terms which make them attractive only to regular rush-hour users, not to occasional users who are more likely to be non-rush hour users. However economically perverse, this pricing method makes *political* sense to elected officials, because regular users are more easily organized into political pressure groups. That is, regular user costs of organization are spread over more units of benefit, so that a rational equation of their individual costs and benefits leads them to a more political activity per person, as well as in the aggregate, compared with sporadic users."

Of course, since all persons are taxed in order to provide "public property," it is doubtful that any rational pricing policy will ever be set up for public use. Even if such a policy were instituted, many people could claim, and justifiably, that they were being "discriminated" against and denied "equal protection of the laws."

Throughout *Knowledge and Decisions* Sowell emphasizes the difference between the effects which are strived for (intentional effects), and those that result because of the lack of perfect knowledge on the part of actors (unintentional effects). For instance, "a priori" one would expect that the institutional racism of the old South would have much more harmful effects on the proportions of blacks employed as professionals than the policies followed in the "abolitionist North." But, because of unintentional effects, such an expectation is naive: "From an intentional point of view," Sowell writes,"the South would seem to be the most averse to the employment of blacks in skilled occupations, but in reality blacks remained in such positions longer in the South than in the North, because the systemic effects of labor unions and 'liberal' or 'progressive' wage-fixing legislation came much later to the South."

Whether he writes on business concentration, or legal decisions, or any one of a hundred other topics, Tom Sowell always enlightens and entertains. Buy this book and stick with it; you won't be disappointed, and you may even learn something.

Robert L. Formaini is Vice President for Public Policy Affairs at the CATO Institute.

The nuts and bolts of tax revolt

LANCE LAMBERTON

Tax Revolt 1980: A How-to Guide, *by Sheldon D. Engelmayer and Robert J. Wagman. Arlington House, 207 pp., $12.95.*

THIS BOOK IS A REVISION of a book published in 1978 under the title *The Taxpayer's Guide to Effective Tax Revolt,* and the previous title gives a much better idea of what the book is all about. However, *Tax Revolt 1980* is more than just a guide to tax revolt. It is also a concise history of the contemporary taxpayer's movement, and a report on where the movement stands today after more than a decade of effort.

Given the length of the book, the authors cover a surprising amount of ground. They provide comprehensive advice on how to launch and sustain a successful tax revolt on the state and local level and use case histories to give the reader a good idea of how and why tax revolts have succeeded or failed. A section devoted to "The Federal Revolt" is an outline of the tax and spending limitation and reduction efforts on the federal level. The last section of the book — "Things You Must Know" — neatly ties together those which precede it, and supplies the reader with supplemental information essential to successful tax revolt. It covers the kinds of taxation there are, how to determine efficiency in government, a status report on what's happening in the states, and a description of the national organizations involved in furthering the taxpayer's movement. The appendix provides the prospective taxpayer activist with valuable guides, ranging from a model news release to a successful hand-out mailer used in Michigan.

One of the most praiseworthy aspects of *Tax Revolt 1980* is how realistically it appraises the chances of success or failure. The authors make it clear how difficult it is to achieve success, how powerful the forces aligned against us are, and how hard we will have to work to be successful. "Sunshine patriots" within the taxpayer's movement are discouraged from trying to assume roles of leadership, although the book doesn't presume one has to be a leader to be involved. And underlining the hard realism of the book is a strong message that given enough good organization, hard work, and effective leadership, the taxpayer's movement will continue to win victories for the taxpayer.

Although *Tax Revolt 1980* thus fulfills its purpose admirably, there is a major shortcoming in its description of the various "kinds" of tax revolt. The two basic approaches to tax revolt are 1) efforts designed to *limit* taxes and spending and 2) efforts to *reduce* spending and the tax burden. The authors tend to prefer the limitation approach. They label Howard Jarvis's efforts to reduce taxes as "meat-ax" or "shotgun," but are enamored of tax limitation proposals which will "devise a way for the budget to grow in accordance with the taxpayer's ability to pay."

To their credit Engelmayer and Wagman do not explicitly come out either for or against tax cuts vs. tax limits. But, given the intolerable levels at which the average American is now taxed, it is curious that they counsel caution lest the tax revolt go too far. They warn against proposing solutions that will "make it impossible for governmental authorities to continue functioning efficiently" and they tell us to "Cut just enough to trim the fat, but do not start getting into the bone structure."

Such a warning might make sense if this were 1870, when the federal budget consumed only 2 percent of the GNP, but considering the present obesity of government on all levels, it is ridiculous to be worrying about "getting into the bone structure."

Another disappointment in *Tax Revolt 1980* is its approach to determining government efficiency, an approach which leaves the unmistakable implication that problems in efficiency can be remedied by understanding government balance sheets and revenue-expenditure statements. What Engelmayer and Wagman apparently fail to realize is that any institution which receives its revenue from involuntary taxation rather than voluntary exchange is *inherently* inefficient. The free market-place is the only barometer, which can tell a company if its efforts are efficient or not — by telling it how much money it is making or losing. All the watchdogging in the world will not be able to remove the inherent inefficiency of government.

The emphasis which was needed, and is lacking, in *Tax Revolt 1980* is not on how to make government more efficient—although that is important—but rather, on how to reduce its size. In order for the tax revolt to achieve a truly significant improvement in our standard of living, it must place primary emphasis on what government services and programs should be eliminated. The taxpayer's movement should not only seek to limit future growth in government, but also to cut it back from where it is today.

All things considered, however, *Tax Revolt 1980* is an indispensable tool which should be read, and its advice heeded, by anyone who wants to take an active role in the taxpayer's movement.

Lance Lamberton is the editor of *Dollars & Sense,* the membership newsletter of the National Taxpayers Union, based in Washington, D.C.

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The new temperance movement

BRUCE MAJORS

Take Back the Night: Women on Pornography, *edited by Laura Lederer. William Morrow and Company, 359 pp., $7.95 pb.*

IN THE INTRODUCTION to *Sisterhood is Powerful,* the first feminist anthology, editor Robin Morgan noted the deliciously uneven quality inherent in any collection of feminist articles. Feminism is not quite a comprehensive world-view; but it is so much more than merely a politics, that it can be found in a linguist's analysis, an economist's argument, a lawyer's brief, a writer's style, a mother's conversation. *Take Back the Night* has this uneven quality even within any one of its seven chapters, each devoted to a different aspect of the topic of pornography.

The seven chapters explore the questions: What is pornography? Who is hurt by it? Who benefits from it? What research has been done on it? What is its relationship to the First Amendment? What action should be taken about it? and, What is its role in future society?

Thirty-four authors address these topics. There is an afterword by National Book Award winning poet and lesbian-feminist Adrienne Rich. The editor is Laura Lederer, an organizer for Women Against Violence in Pornography and the Media (WAVPM).

WAVPM is spiritually the daughter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The women of WCTU argued that women were the victims of domestic violence of men drunk on alcohol. The women of WAVPM argue that women are the victims of violence and other oppression by men drunk on pornography. Men taught to view sex as a kind of violence. Taught to view not only sex, but every activity from children's games to epistemological theorizing as conquest, domination, inherently violent. To view women as part of nature — which means not an autonomous subject at which to wonder, but a volitionless object for manipulation.

As WCTU was part of a powerful temperance movement, which passed prohibition through Congress, WAVPM is part of a growing anti-pornography movement. While feminists have not yet had much influence on prohibiting pornography — have not yet even decided if prohibition is their goal — they are not without influence. Consciousness-raising about the issue is apace in most cities and universities. Thousands of women have gone on nocturnal marches through our urban red-light districts to "Take Back the Night." Indeed, if one wants to read a transcript of a powerful oration, it is here: Andrea Dworkin's midnight "Exhortation to March" entitled "Pornography and Grief," delivered before 3,000 women at the Times Square "Take Back the Night" rally.

Like the women of the temperance movement, many women in the anti-pornography movement are calling for state prohibition of the evil commodity. By now most of the newspaper-reading public has read Susan Brownmiller on the subject:

"To equate the free and robust exchange of ideas and political debate with commercial exploitation of obscene material demeans the grand conception of the First Amendment and its high purposes in the historic struggle for freedom. It is a misuse of the great guarantees of free speech and free press."

I didn't say that, although I wish I had, for I think the words are thrilling. Chief Justice Warren Burger said it in 1973....

Ms. Brownmiller by no means represents the variety of feminist opinion on the question of legal censorship of pornography, though she does represent the opinions of most of the authors represented here. Most of the authors who mention the question of censorship assume that anything immoral may or must be prohibited and punished by the state. A few attempt plausible *definitions* of pornography, that if embodied in law, would allow one to distinguish pornography from other, presumably permissible, speech. Philosopher Helen E. Longino displays her ignorance of the Lockean tradition in her article "Pornography, Oppression, and Freedom: A Closer Look," when she tells us that liberty means either (1) license to do anything, or (2) the right to participate in decisions about how one is governed. Longino finds license unacceptable; she concludes that no liberty is curtailed if we censor pornography, since pornographers and their customers can still vote, run for office, and advocate legalizing pornography. Would Professor Longino agree that women do not have their liberty curtailed when they are raped, as long as they get to keep the vote? If women have a right to their own lives, do not pornographers have a right to their own lives as well? And don't contemporary feminists demand more than what the suffragettes have already won?

Three types of civil libertarian opinion are represented in this volume. Poet Robin Morgan takes the radical feminist position that you just can't trust male censors:

"I abhor censorship in any form (although there was a time when I felt it was a justifiable means to an end — which is always the devil's argument behind thought control, isn't it?). I'm aware, too, that a phallocentric culture is more likely to begin its censorship purges with books on pelvic self-examination for women, or books containing lyrical paeans to lesbianism than with *'See Him Tear Her and Kill Her'*.... Nor do I place much trust in a male-run judiciary, and I am less than reassured by the character of those who would pretend to judge what is fit for the public to read or view. On the contrary, I feel that censorship often boils down to some male judges sitting up on their benches, getting to read a lot of dirty books with one hand.... Some feminists have suggested that a Cabinet-level woman in charge of Women's Affairs (in itself a controversial idea) might take pornography regulation into her portfolio. Others hark back to the idea of community control. Both approaches give me unease, the first because of the unlikeliness that a Cabinet-level woman appointee these days would have a genuine feminist consciousness, or, if she did, have the power and autonomy from the administration to act upon it; the second because communities can be as ignorant and totalitarian in censorship as individual tyrants."

Martha Gever and Marg Hall, of Rochester Women Against Violence Against Women, advocate the "Carrie Nation/direct action" approach as an alternative to censorship by the state. A movie made with actual film footage of the murder and dismemberment of a woman as its climax, "*Snuff* came to Rochester and played at the Holiday Cine theater, and we quickly organized a picket line there." But Rochester WAVAW women were not satisfied with so moderate an action.

"Our instinct with this film, as in the past, was to use a direct approach. We never seriously considered appealing to men in power to intervene on our behalf (for example, asking the district attorney to ban the movie). We preferred tactics which might undermine rather than reinforce the legitimacy of their authority....

"We read on the poster: 'The Bloodiest Thing that Ever Happened in Front of a Camera.' We saw displayed on Main Street a woman's body cut into pieces by a pair of bloody scissors. This was how they advertised *Snuff*. It seemed appropriate to destroy that poster; it was the least we could do. The next morning four of us went to the theater, spray-painted the doors and chained them shut, put glue in the locks, broke the display window, and ripped up the poster."

Attorney Wendy Kaminer defends "First Amendment absolutism" in one article, "Pornography and the First Amendment: Prior Restraint and Public Action." Kaminer seems to be the first to draw the conclusion that, since feminists are claiming that pornography *is political speech,* the propaganda of patriarchy, they must conclude that it is more deserving of First Amendment protection than would be "mere" obscenity. In the conclusion of her complex analysis she states:

"We simply cannot look to the government to rid us of pornography; legally there are no 'final solutions.' The feminist movement against pornography must remain an anti-defamation movement, involved in education, consciousness-raising, and the development of private strategies against the industry. We have a crucial role of our own to play in a marketplace in which pornography is

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flourishing.

"But it is essential for us to maintain a larger political perspective and a sense of ourselves as one of many competing private-interest groups. We can and should speak out, and take action against pornographers because they comprise a hostile group with interests antithetical to our own, that threatens our independence and well-being; but we cannot ask the government to speak for us. The Women's Movement is a civil rights movement, and we should appreciate the importance of individual freedom of choice and the danger of turning popular sentiment into law in areas affecting individual privacy."

Is consciousness-raising enough? Four social scientists present their research on the causal relationship between consuming pornography and raping women. Most of the women in this volume view pornography as incitement to violence. Since libertarians believe that the law's only role is to punish initiation of violence, surely they must offer some solutions. Though neither feminists nor libertarians nor libertarian-feminists have explored these, I think there are libertarian-feminist uses of the law that could help to solve the problem.

First, the law should defend the liberties of women in the anti-pornography movement. Some of the local organizers in this volume tell stories of police harrassment of their peaceful protests.

Second, the law should allow women to defend themselves. It is a matter of historical record that gun control was instituted with the racist intent of disarming Southern blacks. Today gun control functions as if it were maintained for the patriarchal purpose of disarming women.

Third, the law should defend women against violence. There is a good argument for all-female juries and judges in rape cases, and for all-female rape-squads: only women have felt the threat of rape.

Fourth, equality before the law is both a libertarian and a feminist principle. Such equality before the law could help to move us toward a society where women are allowed to be different, and would therefore be viewed and treated differently. Discriminatory laws should be repealed. Equal-pay-for-equal-work regulations should be issued for government employment. Public funds spent on children's physical education should not be allocated unequally. And for the 51¢ of every physical education tax dollar allocated to the girls, some of it should be spent on a subject that has some relevance —the art of self-defense.

At the beginning of this review I claimed that feminism was more than merely a politics. And it is, despite my emphasis on the discussions of civil liberties in this volume. Laura Lederer begins the book with a quotation from the letters of Elizabeth Cady Stanton to Susan B. Anthony:

"Man in his lust has regulated long enough this whole question of sexual intercourse. Now let the mother of mankind, whose prerogative it is to set bounds to his indulgence, rouse up and give this whole matter a thorough, fearless examination."

Such examination this book has given. A number of women address the problem of the origins of misogyny. Several other women have extremely interesting articles here on the intimate relationship between racism and sexism. Ms. Lederer is to be commended for an important, readable, thought-provoking anthology, albeit one uneven in quality and slightly unbalanced in its emphasis on only one proposed solution.

Bruce Majors is an undergraduate student on leave from the University of Chicago. He is a philosophy major, active in libertarian and feminist politics.

Nineteenth century feminists Susan B. Anthony (left) and Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE

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Acid, then and now

THOM LA SPINA

Psychedelic Drugs Reconsidered, *by Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar. Basic Books, 343 pp., $15.95.*

AS TIME DISTANCES US from that period of social ferment that was the sixties we begin to find attempts at reconciliation on both sides of our culture. Jerry Rubin has donned coat and tie, and is working on Wall Street. Government officials in most states will no longer lock you up and throw away the key if they catch you smoking marijuana. Another substance, LSD, is still looked on with total contempt by these officials, however. The penalties for its use are very much alive and even more likely to be meted out. Research into its use as a therapeutic agent, meanwhile, has been almost completely stymied, its great potential lying like a discarded book gathering dust on a shelf.

No doubt about it: LSD was and is a controversial drug. The controversy arises from the fact that a few millionths of a gram is capable of producing the most profound alterations of consciousness that human beings are likely ever to experience. Yet LSD slipped quietly enough into this world after its discovery in 1938 by a mild mannered scientist, Albert Hoffman, who was experimenting with derivatives of ergot, a substance found on molded rye. Ergot itself had caused occasional mass dislocation in the populations of medieval Europe when unwitting people ate bread containing the substance. It was said to cause the dreaded disease Saint Anthony's Fire, which was said to be characterized by delusions and, sometimes, death. Hoffman was not working on anything of this nature, however. He had previously synthesized the drug ergonovine, a mild medicine used for the treatment of cramps, and was looking for other derivatives with simlar medicinal properties. While synthesizing a new one, LSD 25, Hoffman inadvertently absorbed a small amount of the drug through his skin, and subsequently noticed a curious change in his temperament. A few days later he swallowed what he thought was a minute amount, 250 micrograms, enough to cause the world's first acid trip.

The power of Hoffman's discovery was confirmed, and LSD was soon in use on psychiatric patients and soon thereafter became generally considered an adjutant to psychotherapy. In 1959 an international conference was held to correlate the LSD research that was going on in various fields. By the mid-sixties when LSD and related substances were outlawed, over a thousand research papers had been written on the drug. The public for the most part was left uninformed about LSD, however, although occasional articles did appear in the lay press such as the one that appeared in *Life* magazine in 1958. It was not until the drug escaped from the medical domain and began being used by an emerging hippie culture that LSD became a household word.

Psychedelic Drugs Reconsidered establishes Lester Grinspoon and James Bakalar of the Harvard Medical School as the foremost authorities now challenging the government's restrictions on the psychedelic drugs that came into popular use during that decade. This book follows two others, *Marihuana Reconsidered* (written by Grinspoon alone) and *Cocaine*. It is a comprehensive and exacting work which encompasses not only LSD but such similar (and dissimilar) drugs as mescaline, psilocybin, and PCP.

The authors first bring in historical references for the use of psychedelic plants in various cultures throughout antiquity. The plants, some of them with effects quite similar to LSD, have been the sacraments of various religious denominations. In our own culture the use of peyote, a cactus containing mescaline, is legal for use by members of the Native American Church, who use the drug in periodic all night rituals. Psilocybin mushrooms and morning glory seeds (which contain iso-LSD) were used by both the Mayan and Aztec cultures.

Information on such matters is sketchy, of course. The Aztec culture was almost totally dismantled, buildings, books, religion and all, by the invading Spanish Conquistadors. Much of the information we have about them came to us only recently through study of remnants of the Indian culture which remains intact in remote locales and through archeological digs at earlier Mayan sites.

Of special interest to students of the history of psychedelics is the authors' detailing of the studies of Gordon Wasson and his wife Valentina. This couple, he a respected banker, she a pediatrician, left their fields of endeavor and for twenty years gathered information on religions which had formed around the ritual use of psychedelic fungi. They found references for their use in early Russian, Indian, Mayan and Greek cultures. Gordon Wasson went on to write a book on SOMA, a drug which is extolled in the hymns of the Rig Veda as divine but lost to the Brahman culture. Wasson identified SOMA as the psychedelic mushroom, Amanita Muscaria. Grinspoon and Bakalar present related evidence that our own ancestors in their Biblical visions may also have been under the influence of some psychotropic substance.

But if *Psychedelic Drugs Reconsidered* emerges as one of the most complete and illuminating books on the ritual uses of psychedelic drugs, Grinspoon and Bakalar clearly distinguish themselves from libertarians when they begin to discuss their ideas on the issue of who should be allowed to use such drugs. Granted that there is some problem with people using these drugs and having bad reactions to them: the much discussed nirvana which some find in psychedelics is a grueling, trying experience for others. Still, many of the horror stories spread about these drugs during the sixties—the chromosomal damage, the violent reactions—have turned out to be distortions of reality when they were not complete fabrications of the truth. And Grinspoon and Bakalar go to great length to disprove the myths that have sprung up around these drugs. But after disproving them, they draw back from Thomas Szasz's proposition that adults should be able to take any drug they want, and be held responsible only for whatever acts they commit afterwards.

In this respect their book comes off like a soliloquy to the members of their own profession. "Hey," they seem to be saying, "these drugs have some potential. Let's look into them further." Figures like the hippies and Timothy Leary they hold up as childish people who were dealing with a substance bigger than themselves. Yet in fact it was members of the authors' own profession who were to blame for much of the hysteria that developed around the psychedelics in the first place. A few, the brutes of the profession, saw the drugs as merely a way to induce psychotic episodes in their "patients," as a chemical equivalent of electroshock therapy. In effect, it was the responsible medical men to whom Grinspoon and Bakalar want to entrust LSD, who created the first bad trips.

It was some of this early research that led the CIA in project MK ULTRA to buy up a massive amount of LSD and test its potential as a tool to incapacitate the enemy. The drug was given to usually unsuspecting volunteers who were provided with little or no warning of its effects. It may also have been the CIA who planted the stories about hippies planning to dump LSD into various cities' water supplies, a story that spread genuine fear among the populace.

The hippies, it should be pointed out, pioneered what many of the doctors working with the drugs would acknowledge only later: that psychedelic drugs could benefit a person with a stable personality, and that this outcome was much more common than the case of the troubled soul who was shattered by the acid experience. It is good, as the authors point out, that the furor about psychedelic drugs has died down and that the horror stories have, for the most part, melted into the fantasies that they were all along. The use of psychedelic drugs in our culture has leveled off. And the people who are still using them, judging from the lack of turbulence they have created, must be capable of handling the experience. And even if they don't care to participate in the doctors' scientific quest, they should have the right to use this drug.

Thom LaSpina is a veteran of the '60s whose byline used to appear in the late *Berkeley Barb*.

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Only in America

MICHAEL BISHOP

On Wings of Song, *by Thomas M. Disch. Bantam Books, 359 pp., $2.25.*

DINA REDMAN

AS I WRITE (LATE DECEMber), our nation's President-elect (the inspiration in the late 1960s for both an irreverent California poetry magazine and a dazzingly disorienting story by English writer J. G. Ballard) must wait less than a month before appointing his wife Secretary of Interior Decoration at the White House, while brilliant ex-Beatle and brutally X'd-out human being John Lennon (the Egg Man whose quirky imagination hatched hundreds of hummable melodies and a dozen or so idealistic crusades) has now had intimate communion with nonexistence for exactly sixteen days. What a strange, strange juxtaposition, the impending inauguration and this latest shocking death.

Only in America.

In *On Wings of Song,* his most successful novel to date, Thomas M. Disch has envisioned a day-after-tomorrow America in which the election of Ronald Reagan and the murder of John Lennon have credibly grotesque analogues. Indeed, I would argue that Disch's mordant imaginings of our short-range future (a period apparently encompassing about fifteen years on either side of the turn of the next century, although Disch refuses to hand us a calendar) are no more grotesque than what we have actually endured since 1960. Unlike a great deal of "science fiction" (a publisher's category that Disch has always made subordinate to the demands of his art), this novel does not pretend to be either predictive or cautionary. Rather, through wry and canny projections, it *describes* — and by describing, satirizes—the United States of America in which many of our prevailing national attitudes and certainly our political ones have already imprisoned us.

On Wings of Song is a parodic *Künstlerroman*; that is, a novel detailing the tribulations of its protagonist—in this case, a young man from Iowa named Daniel Weinreb—in his quest to become an Artist. Daniel wishes to enter the bright East Coast world of bel canto, to realize his talents as a singer. However, his ulterior motive is an obsessive, not-to-be-gainsaid desire to "fly," an aspiration for which Daniel seems to lack an essential *je ne sais quoi* that could perhaps be called "soul." Indeed, although Disch himself deliberately resists doing so, the entire thematic thrust of the novel virtually demands that we apply the label "soul" to this elusive quality.

"Flying," in Disch's subtly askew, day-after-tomorrow America, is a bonafide out-of-body experience accessible only to those who can take themselves out of their prisons of flesh through song. Harnessed to an apparatus designed to catapult the singer's noncorporeal essence into space as soon as the necessary mental, emotional, and (probably) soulful conditions have been met, the candidate begins to sing. If the performance enables the singer to achieve "escape velocity," out into the ether s/he flies, an invisible "fairy" whose abandoned body lies slumped and unconscious in the machine that has boosted the flight.

Against this new human capability (or, rather, *latent* human capability which twentieth-century technology has finally given a spectacular outlet), Disch places the fanatical ideology of the "undergoders." This group's views color the entire social fabric of Iowa and the other Farm Belt "police states," where one can be jailed for distributing newspapers containing ads for flight apparatus. The fictional undergoders derive their dramatic credibility from a gamut of all-too-real religious fundamentalists in our national history. Today these fundamentalists are only too well represented by Jerry Falwell's "Moral Majority," that Bible-thumping consortium of down-home believers who so lately devoted themselves to the presidential candidacy of Ronald Reagan, and who have also recently been up in arms over the sale of bongs, clips and other apparatus used to faciliate getting high in *this* America.

For Disch's undergoders, as

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for Falwell and his more-soul*ful-than-thou* cohorts, flying constitutes just about as heinous a vice as mortal flesh can aspire to, even worse than jitterbugging and almost as bad as draft evasion. This implacable hostility, Disch's omniscient narrator informs us through Daniel's sensibility, has quite a simple and logical cause:

"If there were souls, they were not made of the same apprehensible substance as fairies, and all the theories about the soul that had been concocted over the centuries were probably based on the experience of the rare, fortunate individuals who'd found their way to flight without the help of a hookup, like the saints who had floated while they prayed, and the yogis of India, etc. Such was the theory of people who had flown, and their outspokenness was one of the reasons that flying and everything to do with it were the focus of such distress and hatred among the undergoders, who *had* to believe in the soul and all the rest of that, since what else was there for them to look forward to *except* their hereafter? The poor, benighted sons-of-bitches."

So does religious conviction translate into political intolerance. Disch's "fairies" are railed against with as much moral conviction as were the people to whom, only yesterday, we derisively applied this same term.

An interesting feature of *On Wings of Song* is the way in which it spotlights the machinery of our most hallowed national bigotries by casting the objects of our persecution in new, often ironic, guises. In addition to "fairies," for instance, Disch gives us "phoneys" ("from the French, *faux noirs*"): whites who dye their skins darker colors to avail themselves of some of the hard-won advantages accruing to blacks in urban areas where they comprise majorities. This kind of satire cuts two ways, inflicting surgically precise wounds on bigots and dissemblers alike. In the Farm Belt, where phoneys do not exactly proliferate like wheat or corn stalks, the authorities assess stiff fines against those who are trying to pass, and one must wonder about such people's motives as well as about the fatuousness of their persecutors.

In the novel's final section, Daniel Weinreb — like a performer in our unending national minstrel show—becomes a phoney. Initially, as it happens, he does so against his will. Toward the end, however, when he has become a celebrity, his phoneyhood becomes a kind of underscoring of the status of the American artist as nigger, at least in the eyes of those whose principal deity under God is Free Enterprise. The undergoders of Disch's America, for example, are devoted to Free Enterprise—as long it's not the enterprise of flying. Unfettered flights of artistry offend the sensibilities of such people. So, during a recital in the auditorium of the Amesville High School, a former member of the American Spiritual Renewal Party (the undergoders' political wing) rises and shoots Daniel just as he has finished singing an original composition entitled, fittingly, "Flying."

Daniel has been in harness during this performance, and the novel concludes on a subtly ambiguous note. Has he attained escape velocity or merely faked its attainment? (Here at the end of *On Wings of Song*, Disch seems to be asking a similar question about his success as novelist.) The fact that Daniel has performed before the hometown folks as a phoney—an Al Jolson black man—gives credence to the reading that his final death-defying leap into the ether, signaled by the dials on his hookup, is likewise a lie, an elaborate sham. If so, many of those in Daniel's audience have nevertheless rewarded parts of his meretricious performance with applause. Does the shadow of a genuine art therefore flicker in what he has given them? Like John Lennon, Daniel Weinreb has occasionally wondered if his pretensions as an artist have really entitled him to so much unreflective adulation. And like John Lennon, he dies because of who he is and, even more important at the end, what he represents to others.

Though Disch pillories the mindset of the zealot who has shot Daniel (by having her recite in her defense the Pledge of Allegiance, on whose words the novel eloquently, ironically, closes), he thus also exposes his hero as a poseur who has won commercial success without ever reaching that indefinable fullness of soul which alone can trigger flight. Daniel's assassin, in her quest for an earthly City of God and Free Enterprise, is the victim of an uncompromising religio-political ideology; Daniel himself, in his quest for fairydom, is the victim of a demonstrably realizable aesthetic ideal—others, after all, have gone there and come back—beyond the compass of his own ambition. A kind of fruitcake nobility informs the behavior of both these people, but the major weight of Disch's sympathy undoubtedly comes down on the side of his scrupulously apolitical protagonist. The doing of unsuccessful art, in the pursuit of something higher, is nobler than the doing of successful murder. And saner, too. The ambiguity of the ending, however, is intentional, for Disch never opts for simplistic answers or tidy resolutions. His primary allegiance is always to the artful revelation of the complexity of every human act.

As in *Camp Concentration* and *334*, Disch has extrapolated an oppressive, soul-destroying tomorrow from social phenomena recognizable today. *Camp Concentration*, which installs Lyndon Johnson's Secretary of Defense, Robert S. McNamara, in the Oval Office, sprang from the still unresolved turmoil of the Vietnam War. A collection of skillfully interwoven stories centered on a Manhattan public housing prroject, *334* took its impetus from an outcry against the "welfare mess," an outcry whose lingering echo is still audible here at the headwaters of the 1980s. This newest novel is in many ways a more personal document, for it concerns itself with the strivings of the artist in a society where both God and art have become political commodities.

To this end, *On Wings of Song* comments on the American predicament by exaggerating its salient stinks and savors (the way a caricaturist makes a pomaded Pikes Peak of Reagan's pompadour or a mop of hair and a pair of owlish glasses of John Lennon's dour face) and then by leaving us to walk about in this cattywampus future as if it were real. Often the degree of tilt away from our 1980-81 reality seems minute, utterly inconsequential. But we stagger anyway, surprised again and again by the vividness with which Disch has rendered our *present* provincialism, conformity, commercialism, frivolity, intolerance, and narcissism. And, finding the tang of truth even in this bitter vintage, we giggle a little as we stagger, giggle nervously and try to find a handhold.

On Wings of Song is a major accomplishment of American letters. It is as outrageous as the inauguration of the costar of *Bedtime for Bonzo* and as heartbreakingly shocking as the murder of the man who lately told us that it was "Cleanup Time."

Only in America....

Michael Bishop's novels include *Eyes of Fire*, *A Little Knowledge*, and *Transfigurations*, which was published in paperback by Berkley Books in December.

COMING SOON IN LR

The Taxpayer's Blues

George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* Reviewed

A Tribute to Robert LeFevre

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Elite liberation

BILL BIRMINGHAM

The Number of the Beast, *by Robert A. Heinlein. Fawcett Columbine books, 511 pp., $6.95.*

Expanded Universe: The New Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein. *Grossett & Dunlap, 582 pp., $12.95.*

IN 1975 THE SCIENCE FICTION Writers of America, which annually hands out awards (the "Nebulas") for the best science fiction of the year, inaugurated the Grandmaster Nebula "for a lifetime of accomplishment in science fiction." With all the science fiction writers in the country to choose from, the SFWA gave the first Grandmaster Nebula to Robert A. Heinlein. Science fiction fans hold him in equally high esteem; Heinlein has been Guest of Honor at three World Science Fiction Conventions—a record—and he's won four Hugos (the fans' award for the year's best SF)—which was a record at the time he won the fourth of them, and a record he would probably still hold if he hadn't written so little in the last fourteen years. As for the readers (who are not to be confused with SF fans), Heinlein has sold over eleven and a half million of his books, every one of which is still in print. Perhaps his most famous novel, *Stranger in a Strange Land,* even found favor with the hippie movement in the Sixties. (Another of the novel's admirers was Charles Manson...but let that pass.) I am told that Heinlein is still plagued by aging hippies who come to his Santa Cruz, California, home demanding to "share water." According to my informant, Heinlein turns his garden hose on them.

Heinlein also has his partisans in the libertarian movement. "One can hardly hand a copy of a libertarian journal to a sophisticated reader without apologizing for the imitation Heinlein drivel" therein, a prominent libertarian complained a few years back. Things have changed somewhat since then; but every one of the handful of libertarian bookstores sells Heinlein, citing his "explicitly libertarian principles" as well as his saleability. And it seems entirely possible that *The Number of the Beast,* Heinlein's latest novel, will get this year's Prometheus Award as that novel "which best expresses the values of libertarianism." Whether it deserves it is another question.

The novel certainly gets off to a promising start, and in the best pulp-magazine tradition. Heinlein gives us a Mad Scientist and his Beautiful Daughter—his very words, down to the caps—and quickly hooks them up with one of his patented polymath heroes: Zebadiah J. (for John) Carter, a mightily thewed, independently wealthy engineer, space pilot, swordsman and soldier of fortune, with a wonderful extrasensory talent thrown in for good measure. The M.S. has devised a "continua craft," which can travel in two extra dimensions of time, giving our heroes access to $(6^6)^6$ — 10,314,424,798,490,535,546,-171,949,056; the *real* "number of the Beast," according to Heinlein—parallel universes. Naturally, there must be villains in such a piece, and Heinlein gives us an entire race of double-jointed, horned hermaphrodites with hemocyanin (i.e., green ichor) instead of hemoglobin in their veins. And they'll stop at nothing to annihilate the M.S., his wife, the B.D. and her new (pg. 35) husband, young Zeb Carter. The only option is to flee; so our four heroes install the interdimensional drive in Zeb's car, which also flies (the action takes place twenty or thirty years in the future), hook it up to the car's autopilot, a computer which answers to the name of Gay Deceiver, and escape, one jump ahead of an atom bomb, among the ten thousand trillion trillion universes.

Unfortunately for those readers who were expecting a mighty blood and thunder epic, *we never see the villains again.* In fact, at the end of the book, our heroes, who have ostensibly been running for their lives for the last four hundred pages, decide that on second thought they may have gotten all excited over nothing. The three or four bombs, conventional and nuclear? The heavy-handed hints that St. John the Divine knew more than two thousand years of theologians ever suspected? Who cares?

But if Heinlein does not deliver on his major plot premise—who are the green-blooded monsters, what do they want, and how can they be destroyed—he does deliver, and very nicely, on his minor premise: a tour of the universes. Some of them are much like our own but diverge at some point in history: Gay Deceiver stops in one universe where the British Empire rules Mars (a Mars, that is, with air and oceans) like Injah, and grows *cannabis magnifica martia* there—for medicinal purposes only, of course!

Other universes are completely fictional—although Heinlein's "pantheistic multiperson solipsism" assumes them to be just as real as our own—such as Lilliput, the Land of Oz and the universe of Heinlein's previous novel, *Time Enough for Love,* whose loose ends get wrapped up here. Readers with different literary tastes than Heinlein's might find this part of the book tough going (especially the last chapter, which is sort of a science-fiction convention with real SF characters, who flit by with only the merest wisps of identification), and others might get dizzy from the fifteen-universes-in-seven-days pace. But it does keep the story moving, if not in the direction the author promised.

The notion that Heinlein expresses libertarian principles is even harder to support when his work is examined as a whole.

The Number of the Beast has two other flaws, one major, one minor. The four principal characters take turns as the narrator, which would be all right except that, as is the case with most of Heinlein's characters, they all sound alike. This is only a minor annoyance, however, since the publisher has thoughtfully printed each narrator's name at the top of the page opposite his narration.

More annoying is the endless (well, it *seems* endless) bickering over who gets to skipper Gay Deceiver. Each character insists on the most abject and mindless servility from the others whenever he or she is captain, yet (not unsurprisingly) will not grant similar obsequies to anyone else. According to Heinlein this makes them a "gang of rugged individualists." *I* think it makes them resemble nothing so much as a gang of five-year-olds squabbling in a sandbox, and about as much fun to watch. Eventually the most strident character bullies the rest into obedience and the story resumes, until the folks from *Time Enough for Love* arrive and have to be taught who's boss all over again. Too bad Heinlein indulges in this sort of thing when he could be slaughtering green-blooded villains instead, which was always his forte.

Back in 1965 Ace Books released something called *The Worlds of Robert A. Heinlein,* an omnium-gatherum of his science fiction not elsewhere available in print. Naturally the new edition, which includes Heinlein's post-1965 writings plus some items the first book passed over, is called *Expanded Universe.* Expanded it is, to about three times the size of the original. The new SF is uninspired (a *Boys' Life* story; a short-short from a defunct SF magazine; a fan magazine trifle Heinlein wrote free and for which he was only slightly underpaid), but there's some interesting general fiction here, including Heinlein's first mystery story and, believe it or not, one of a series of girls' stories. The heroine of this story, he reveals, later appeared in his juvenile *Podkayne of Mars,* changing her name and her planet of birth in the process. In my opinion she lost a great deal when she moved.

More to the point, *Expanded Universe* contains large quantities of Heinlein's nonfiction: an essay on science fiction for a librarians' journal; two pro-disarmament essays written shortly after World War II; a *pro*-H-bomb polemic from 1958, which must be read to be disbelieved; an article on How to Survive World War III which doesn't mention fallout; two travelogues of the Soviet Union, one of which appeared in the

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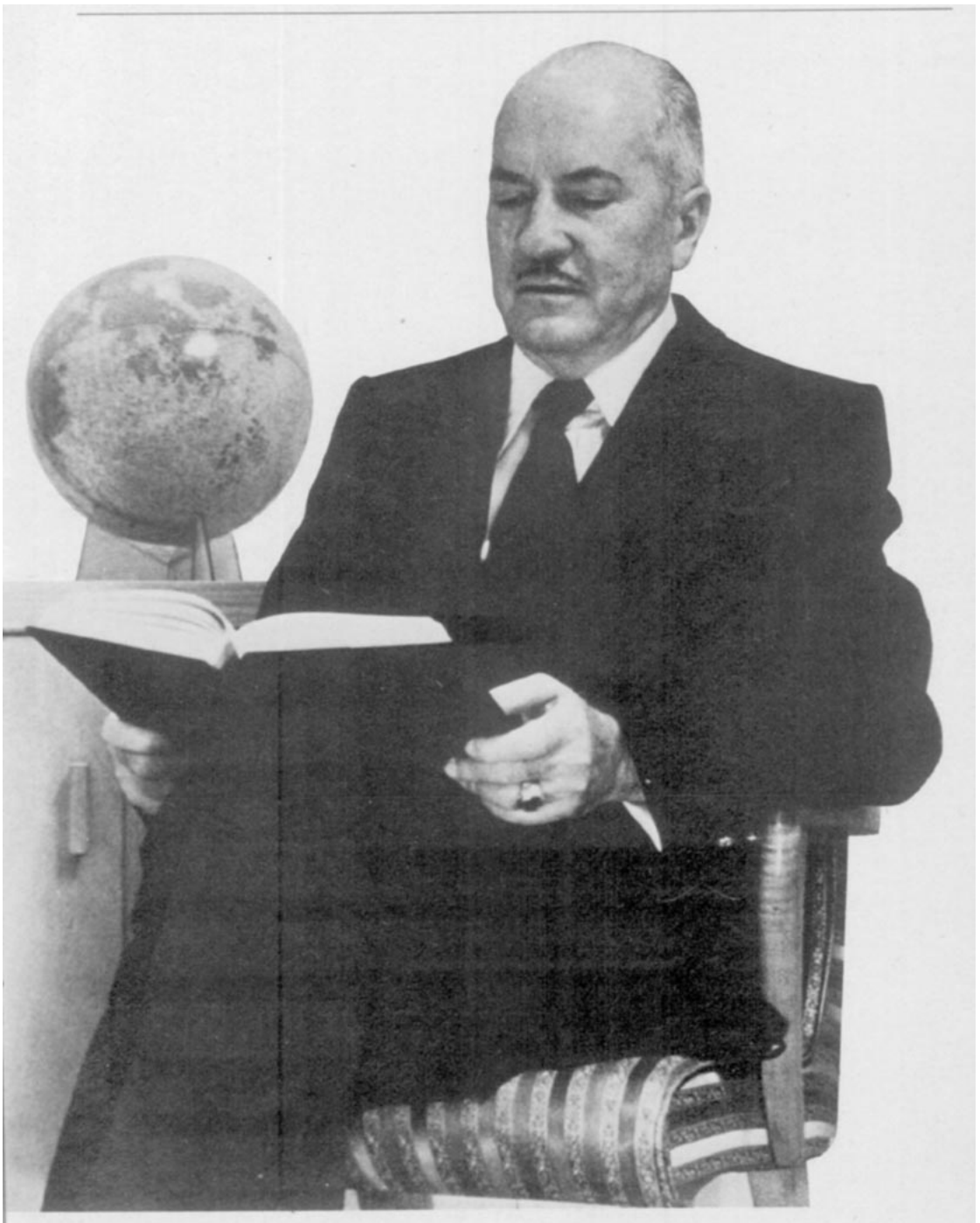
American Mercury; an address to the midshipmen at the U.S. Naval Academy; an appreciation of SF writer E.E. "Doc" Smith; a defense of NASA; and an undefinable something called "The Happy Days Ahead," which is half fulmination on the Horrible State of Everything, and half fiction about how everything *could* turn out wonderfully. (Heinlein also gives us the third version of his 1950 essay predicting the future, whic he updated in 1965 with explanations of why his predictions didn't come true—and now updates with explanations of why his 1965 predictions didn't come true either. The man is shameless.)

This non-fiction section of *Expanded Universe* provides great insight into *The Number of the Beast*. After reading "Inside Intourist," for example, I realized that in squabbling over the captaincy of Gay Deceiver, the characters in the novel are merely following Heinlein's rules for dealing with Soviet hotel clerks (be rude and obnoxious until *they* give in). Similarly, one character is called "another Paul Dirac";*Expanded Universe* includes an article on Dirac which Heinlein wrote for Encyclopedia Britannica. Other items shed light on the novel's "libertarianism." Among the many subjects *The Number of the Beast* discusses in passing is tax evasion: the characters talk about various methods of hiding their wealth, and rail against the government that would force them to pay for programs of which they do not approve. Hardcore anti-tax rhetoric and "explicitly libertarian principles," right?

Turn to *Expanded Universe,* however, and you can find Heinlein bemoaning the dearth of government funding for NASA — though he predicts that the space agency will one day regain its rightful place at the public trough, because, he consoles himself, "*Senator Proxmire can't live forever.*" Are we to conclude that it's OK to force people to pay for a space program of which they may not approve? And what kind of "libertarian" wants Proxmire the penny-pincher to drop dead?

But there is worse to come. When the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy called for an end to atom-bomb tests in 1958 Heinlein and his wife published a newspaper ad: "Who Are the Heirs of Patrick Henry?" dismissing SANE's fears of nuclear war as "the rankest sort of Communist propaganda," and contrary to the spirit of Henry's dictum "Give me liberty or give me death." The "explicitly libertarian principles" espoused here are best evaluated by Dr. Murray Rothbard: "Anyone who wishes is entitled to make the personal decision of 'Better dead than Red' or 'Give me liberty or give me death.' What he is *not* entitled to do is make these decisions *for* others, as the prowar policy of conservatism would do. What conservatives are really saying is: 'Better *them* dead than Red,' and 'Give me liberty or give *them* death'—which are the battle cries not of noble heroes but of mass murderers." Writing in 1979, Heinlein calls the holders of such views as these "fools and poltroons." He also still supports the war in Vietnam. Granted the war was "a logistic and strategic disaster," he writes, "but to break a commitment to an ally... is to destroy our credibility." I leave it to the reader to decide whether sentiments like these are conservative, or simply asinine. But they are sure as hell *not* libertarian.

The notion that Heinlein's work expresses "libertarian principles" is even harder to support when it is examined as a whole. His first published story, "Lifeline" (reprinted in *Expanded Universe*), concerns the fate of a brilliant and capable scientist who invents a machine that can predict the date of a person's death: the insurance companies have him killed. In "Let There be Light," published in 1940, the brilliant and capable inventors of solar power fight the energy conglomerates who are trying to supress cheap energy. "Solution Unsatisfactory" has a brilliant and capable army colonel who helps invent the ultimate weapon, then creates a military dictatorship to keep it away



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from "the hundreds of millions of people who have no experience in, nor love for, democracy." The protagonists of "Gulf", who are so brilliant and capable Heinlein calls them "supermen", have to run the world because ordinary people just don't have what it takes. Brilliant and capable economists fine-tune the money supply in *Beyond this Horizon,* and sneer at the "unimaginative," would-be revolutionaries who thought they could run the government. In *Methuselah's Children* it's brilliant and capable semanticists who run the government and impose "scientific" censorship; but the ignorant mob proves too much for them. In *Starship Troopers* only veterans are brilliant and capable enough to vote; civilians are ignorant and irresponsible and fit only to pay taxes. The hero of *Stranger in a Strange Land* is brilliant and capable — and a great kisser — because he can think in Martian, which entitles him to "discorporate" people he doesn't like. (He gets better results than *Stranger* fan Charlie Manson did: Charlie must have had a bad accent or something.)

What all these stories — which otherwise run the gamut from liberal to conservative — have in common is the brilliant and capable protagonists, variations all on Heinlein's basic protagonist, which Heinlein maven Alexei Panshin calls the Competent Man. The non-brilliant, non-capable people (or as Heinlein often calls them: "the *Pee-pul*") exist to be bossed by the Competent Man, either for their own good (in the earlier, "liberal" stories) or to keep them out of the Competent Man's way (in those stories written for the most part after the period 1946 to 1948, which, according to his friend Isaac Asimov, is when Heinlein's views went from liberal to conservative.) Various critics hostile to Heinlein call this "elitism," and they are correct.

Expanded Universe contains Heinlein's defense of *Starship Troopers* against the charge of elitism: To those who object to the idea in the novel that only veterans be allowed to vote, Heinlein suggests that, instead, only people who can solve a quadratic equation be allowed to vote. That non-mathematicians, or non-veterans, might have a right to take part in the political decisions that affect their lives seems entirely foreign to him. But then, Heinlein has no use for the concept of "rights"; he derides it openly in *Starship Troopers* and his other fiction — and in his Annapolis address, where he equates morality with the survival of the species (and with military service; that these two might conflict is an idea he dismisses out of hand).

Heinlein's pro-freedom rhetoric, it turns out, only applies to the Competent Man. The "peepul," the "idiots" who won't pay for NASA, the "psuedo-males" (sic) (Sick) who oppose militarism, the "fools and poltroons" who'd rather be Red than dead, are by definition non-Competent and no one need respect their non-existent rights. Judge Heinlein's "libertarianism" by how he treats other people instead of how he insists they treat him, and he flunks. That the apostles of "libertarian science fiction" claim him for their own suggests that maybe the concept of "libertarian SF" needs to be rethought.

I think I'll let someone else do the rethinking, however. Who needs libertarian SF anyway? The self-billed "libertarian" SF writers such as F. Paul Wilson, J. Neil Schulman and L. Neil Smith strike me as simply awful — as Buckley said of the Beatles, it seems blasphemous to call them anything less than God-awful — on a par with John Norman and Perry Rhodan and all those dreary Star Trek knock-offs. Certainly they can't hold a candle to such non-libertarians as John Varley or Algis Budrys or John Brunner or Harlan Ellison or Alice Sheldon ("James Tiptree") or Ursula K. LeGuin or the late James Blish — or even Heinlein. Despite all I have said about Heinlein's politics, the fact remains that I did not get review copies of either *Expanded Universe* or *The Number of the Beast.* I bought them myself, with my own money, and would gladly do so again. Unlike the Prometheus Award committee, you see, I don't think art should be judged by political criteria. That sort of thing should be left to the various Stalinoid practitioners of socialist realism — or, on the other side of the fever swamps, the authors of *Marxist Minstrels.*

Bill Birmingham read his first Heinlein novel at the age of five and has read science fiction ever since.

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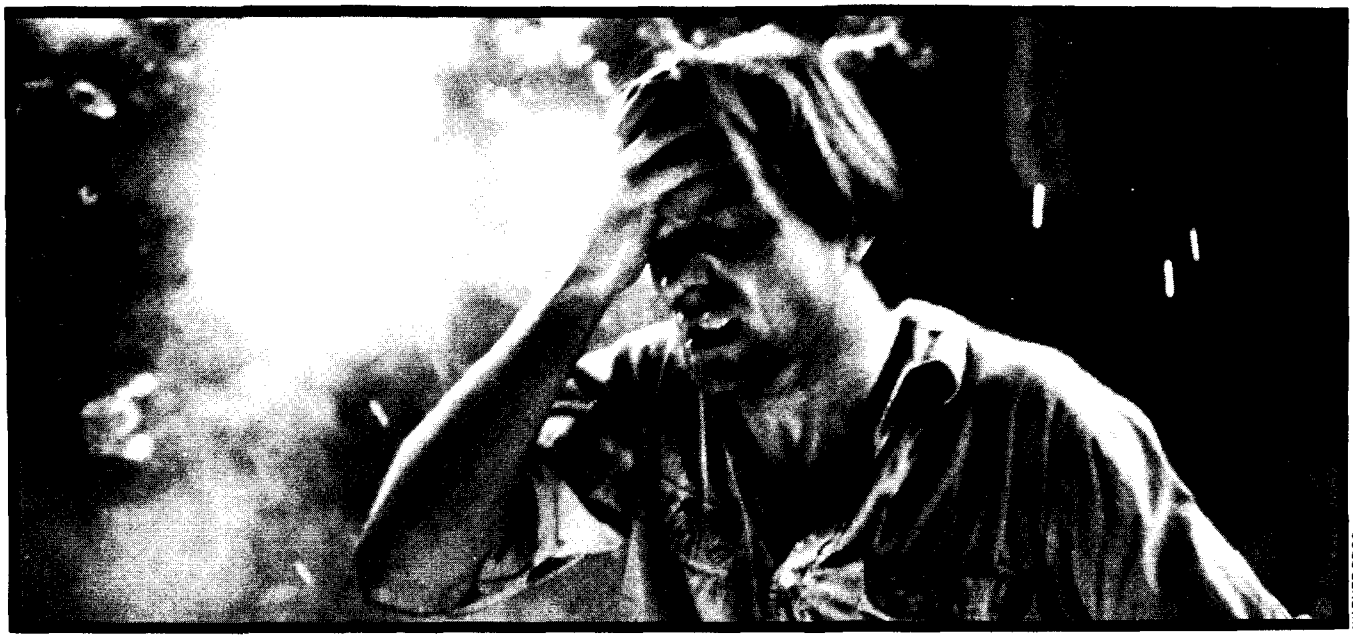

"*Like* Fantasia, *lately a must-see among druggies who insist that it can't be beat if you're tripping, Ken Russell's latest film,* Altered States *(starring William Hurt, written by Paddy Chayefsky) is destined for culthood.*"

On View

Triumph of the will

DAVID BRUDNOY

MAN IS THE ANIMAL THAT laughs. He is also, as best we can tell, the only animal who aspires to be other than he is, to merge with "God," to travel outside his accustomed space and time, to perfect or at least better his condition. The technological ramifications of this are well known to moderns; the psychological and pharmacological, less well known outside the specialized disciplines and to some extent the drug subculture of the 1960s and subsequently. Timothy Leary's initial experiments in Mexico with mushrooms, given to him in 1960 by Dr. Robert Gordon Wasson, propelled the Harvard psychologist into a profound drug state. "During the next five hours," Leary wrote subsequently, "I was whirled through an experience which could be described in many extravagant metaphors, but which was, above all and without question, the deepest religious experience of my life."

In 1955 Wasson and his wife had become the first whites to partake of the "sacred" mushrooms. He said of his first experience: "I was seeing the archetypes, the Platonic ideas, that underlie the imperfect images of everyday life." Later, in 1961, Carlos Casteneda, who has written of an Indian he calls Don Juan, also tried peyote, jimson weed, and psychotropic mushrooms, leading him to "peculiar states of disordered perception, or altered consciousness which I have called 'states of nonordinary reality'. Personally, I seemed to have reached a dangerous threshold.... There was something truly frightening about the mushrooms." Readers are no doubt familiar to some extent with the later, widespread use of psychedelics in this country and beyond; music lovers, especially, are well aware of the Beatles' flirtation with both psychedelics and Transcendental Meditation, one fruit of which, surely, is the song, "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds." And those who have read Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* (1954) know how early in our era the use of mescaline, another derivative of the Mexican culture, occurred.

Less commonly known are the experiments, dating from 1964 in the work of Dr. John Lilly, with warm salt water tank isolation. In that year, Lilly took a dose of LSD, stepped into a partially filled tank of water, closed the door, and floated there, moving, he wrote, "into universes containing beings much larger than myself. The first time I entered these spaces, I was swept, pushed, carried, whirled and in general beat around by processes which I could not understand, processes of immense energy, of fantastic light, and of terrifying power." Experiments of this sort have continued, if with little publicity, and at least one movie, *Simon* (1980, reviewed here in June), has played off the tank immersion experimentation with comic effect. Until now, water tank isolation has not been taken seriously in the cinema.

Altered States

Like *Fantasia,* lately a must-see among druggies who insist that it can't be beat if you're tripping, Ken Russell's latest film is destined for culthood and no doubt is exceptionally pleasant to experience while in one's own altered state. It is pleasurable enough taken straight, and if preposterous, it is nonetheless so richly kinky and so wonderfully realized that its overdose of hokum may happily be overlooked. *Altered States,* derived from Paddy Chayefsky's novel (by Chayefsky, who found the Russell directorial approach sufficiently off-putting that he replaced his name as screenwriter with his real given names, Sidney Aaron), takes the research mentioned above, and other, and threads them into the story of one zealous young truth-seeker, Dr. Edward Jessup (William Hurt), whose seeking literally alters his state not only of consciousness but also of bodily form. As far as I can tell, based on an admittedly cursory reading of the literature, Chayefsky and Russell stuck to what is now known about these experiences for the background, but leapt into the realm of Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde thereafter. Their Dr. Jessup not only dreams the most astounding dreams, he *becomes,* for a time, of his own volition, an anthropoid-humanoid creature and, later, a primal cell.

A too literal recitation of that which *Altered States* is "about" would render it ludicrous, turning it into a film devoutly to be avoided instead of suggesting its fascinating appeal. The movie is visually, aurally, and even philosophically rich, though the dialogue is not its strongest feature. To some extent, albeit it takes us or is designed to take us into the deepest reaches of an uncharted territory, it emerges as something of a toothless beast; this, because our hero, however he may shriek and carry on when in the throes of his voyages, always returns to his clean-cut Waspitude, bats his baby blues, and becomes, for a time, the most charming of fellows. Dr. Jekyll is back, you see, though the attraction of Mr. Hyde is more compelling.

I wouldn't want to tarnish any of the glitter of *Altered States* by saying much more about the plot. One will or, most likely, will not buy an iota of the later package, though the first half of the film, during which Jessup experiences some wondrous things but remains,

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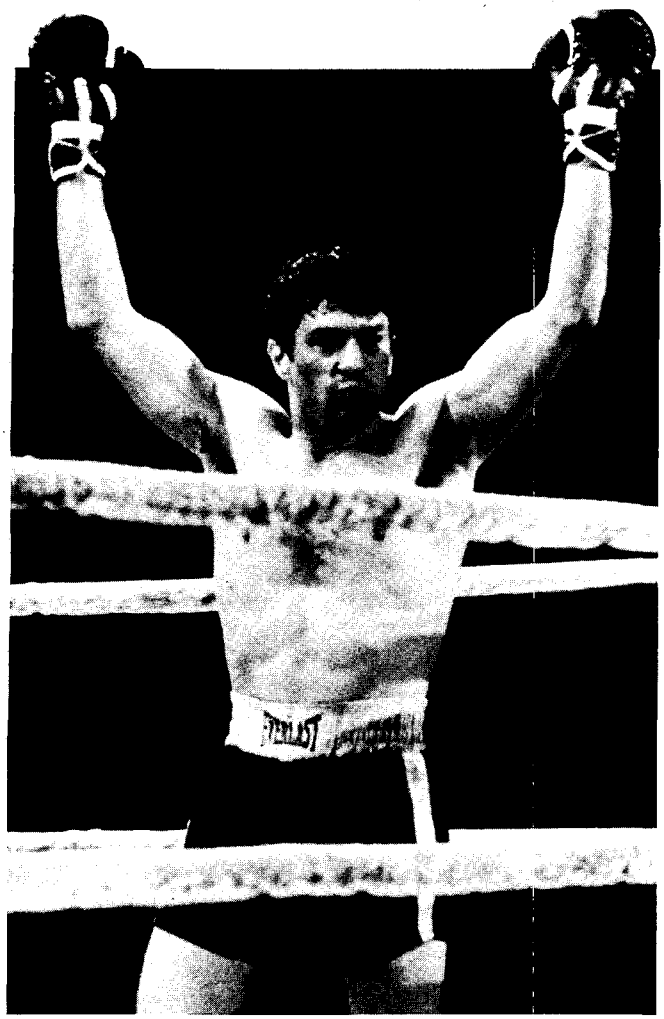

UNITED ARTISTS

"Robert DeNiro will probably win the Oscar for his totally convincing performance as boxer Jake La Motta in Raging Bull."

always, Jessup circa 1980, is unexceptionally fine. Bran Ferren's special effects better even those employed in *The Empire Strikes Back;* you know one Oscar winner already. If I can get a grant from the Feds to allow me to drop a tab of acid and see the movie again, I'm at your service: it's *that* delicious, *that* convincing. But even beyond the sound track and the lights and colors and shapes and permutations of all of these, even beyond William Hurt's first-rate portrayal of Jessup, even beyond uniformly fine work by the rest of the cast, particularly Blair Brown as Jessup's wife, there are implications... of immortality, of transcendance, that are, at least to me, enormously gratifying. At a time in our national life when "religion" is identified most prominently with the ravings and rigidified bigotries of Moral Majoritarian fanatics, such that many of the rest of us recoil from such horror, I am delighted to note that elsewhere, if only in a movie, one can find a serious reflection on higher theological and philosophical matters, unsullied by polyester hucksterism and Sunday School childishness.

Altered States thumbs its nose at conventionality, defies the audience to suspend mundane disbelief for a couple of hours, invites us to ponder the consequences of the researches of these last few decades, and challenges us to wonder. Wonderment is to be reduced, we are not so subtly told by our newest band of lords and masters, at least it is to be reduced for the next four years, to contemplating the likelihood of success when voodoo economics is wedded to special interest group requirements. Since it is unlikely that the New Order will achieve anything substantial where it counts, we can reasonably expect that the pressures will be irresistible to try to make some waves among those who differ, inflicting a stifling conformity on everybody along the lines most comforting to the plastic people who now claim America for their very own. *Altered States* bids fair to become the first cinema volley in the 1980s cultural resistance movement. It is at once loony—and inspired lunacy may be the only salvation possible to us in the face of the morose lunacy of the social theorists of the New Right — and in dead earnest. Watch those who disdain the viciousness and stupidity of Jerry Falwell clutch *Altered States,* with a kind of reverence, to their bosoms.

"Breaker" Morant

Man only rarely merges, or kids himself into thinking he has merged, with God. We take our momentary gratifications in sex and other bodily amusements; we validate ourselves by achieving success, however that is defined by our society; and for those times, and they are for most people frequent, when we require an identification with some august entity outside ourselves, we become awesomely patriotic. Not only is a foolish patriotism the last refuge of scoundrels, *any* patriotism is a refuge for the insecure. Patriotism may also be ennobling and is usually useful, as well, but as a manifestation of psychological yearnings it is sometimes, to say the least, disturbing.

"Breaker" Morant, an Australian film that has swept the Australian Film Institute Awards, winning ten of the eleven nominations accorded it, explores the troubling dimensions of patriotism. The story is placed in South Africa in 1901, at a time during the Boer War when the British had to a large extent triumphed, save only for mopping up the more obdurate Boer resisters, who had resorted to terrorism. As wars go, the Boer fits into that category of the utterly useless: the British won, in 1902, but the Afrikaans populace grew, triumphed, and eventually separated from the "motherland," replacing England's benighted racism with something infinitely worse, Apartheid, and working out its resentments against the British by covertly favoring the Germans during the second great war to free the world of great wars.

Be that as it may, the movie admirably confines itself to a time and a place, and to the trial of three Australian soldiers of the Bushveldt Carbineers, who stand accused of killing several Boer prisoners and a German missionary. The three, lieutenants Harry "Breaker" Morant, Peter Handcock, and George Witton (Edward Woodward, Bryan Brown, and Lewis Fitz-Gerald), are guilty as charged. They have also acted on orders, from Capt. Simon Hunt, who has been given them by Lord Kitchener, the British commander. But since the Germans are eager to find an excuse to enter the war on the side of the Boers, Kitchener decides to hand them a couple of British (rather colonial) heads, thus denying the Kaiser at least one "reason" to enter the fray. The story is true and is based on a book by Witton who was the baby of the three and was permitted to live while his older companions were shot at dawn.

"Breaker" Morant — the nickname came to the lieutenant because, prior to his war service, he had been a horse breaker in Australia — centers on the court-martial, with flashbacks to the circumstances, easily understood as extenuating, that led the three accused soldiers to commit their crimes. Unstated, unimplied, in the film is any consideration of that agonizing, puzzling question Americans have had not all that long ago to face, as exemplified by the trial of Lt. William Calley, another perpetrator of atrocity who was just following orders. That is another question, for many another movie. Here the focus is on the political concerns of the British government, as incorporated in Lord Kitchener on the spot and, unseen but dominating, in the government in London; and on the patriotism of the three soldiers, who acted as they did because, so they believed, they were fighting for Mother Britain. Morant is the poet of the lot, a skeptic, something of an agnostic, who recognizes eventually that he has probably been fighting on the wrong side, though he instinctively responds as a good British subject responds, to the call of King, of country, and of God. Lt. Handcock is the ladies' man, the bon vivant, but also the most unthinkingly loyal to the Empire, and Lt. Witton is still a boy, urged by his father to join the army since the army would make a man of him. "Every father says that to his son," Morant tells Witton, the one who survived to tell the tale.

The film is quite old-fashioned in its approach to unfolding a story, gratifyingly

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old-fashioned, actually, in that we calmly learn the facts without having to come toting a trot; many recent films are made by people who seem to think that if we comprehend what we're seeing, we aren't working hard enough. We are permitted to concentrate on the characters, not one of whom is less than finely presented and cogently motivated, and on the theme, which is clearly the triumph of the will to believe over the will to be. These men, having seen what their country was willing to do to them, to wit, slay them, owed nothing to their country. Escape was possible. Still, they chose to believe that the wiser heads in government knew best—they all but echo Billy Budd calling on God to bless Capt. Vere—instead of repudiating such hypocrisy.

The Australian cinema has been well represented in America in the last few years, in only a handful of instances as splendidly as by *"Breaker" Morant.* Much of the best material from Australia is set at the turn of the century, in frontier circumstances. This, though placed in Africa, is similarly Australian in orientation of the frontier in its mentality. Remember The West? Where men were men?

Raging Bull; Tribute

It is said, routinely and tritely, that boxers box because they can do nothing else and, in recent years, because they come from the underclass and must punch their way to success; and it is just as routinely and unthinkingly said that funny men are funny outside because they are sad within. Let's leave the grand philosophizing to those who enjoy it, but consider Martin Scorsese's brilliant triumph, *Raging Bull,* and a lesser item, Bob Clark's version of Bernard Slade's play, *Tribute.* The latter is a maudlin piece of sentimentalism dwelling on one Scottie Templeton (Jack Lemmon), a crowd-pleaser who, as one of his favorite hookers says, never had a sense of priorities, always treating everybody exactly the same. Including his son, Jud (Robby Benson, the eternal teen-ager), his ex-wife (Lee Remick), his tough doctor (Colleen Dewhurst), *everybody*. As Scottie receives his edgy, resentful son for a summer vacation, he also gets the news that he's dying of cancer. Jud sticks around to find out if there's "anything to admire about the son-of-a-bitch" and comes both to love and, against all probabilities, to admire the man, and to stage a tribute for him at the end. This permits Scottie to play straight man for once and, as our tears flow, to embrace Jud. The angels don't sing but, presumably, they grant Scottie a reprieve.

As a play, *Tribute* worked adequately; as a movie, all its gaps in sense and sensibility are magnified. It is sloppy emotionalism to assume that a charming bounder becomes a honey just because he's (to use Scottie's word) croaking. This is the sort of will to believe nonsense that passes for kindliness and humanity in an age devoid of rigorous thought. The theme of the play is a crock, but Benson, for the first time since *One on One,* demonstrates that underneath that surplus of adorableness, there breathes an actor, and that when he really tries, he can actually talk, not just whisper. And Lemmon, against all odds and the nincompoopery that substitutes for dialogue, succeeds wonderfully with Scottie. His Scottie is a desperate, empty man, naked without a joke and a funny face, and no less empty of substance, but at least more subdued, when at last he picks up a bit of those unmistakable perceptions of the transitoriness of earthly life. Lemmon's is Oscar-nominee material, not only because it's better than most of what we saw in the 1980 movies but also because Hollywood loves a good cry.

It won't win, however. Robert DeNiro probably will, for *Raging Bull,* the story of the rises and falls and eventual leveling of Jake La Motta, sometime (1949-51) middleweight boxing champion, a street kid with fists of steel and brain of mush. La Motta trained with DeNiro for a year and has been traveling the circuit pushing both his book, on which the movie is based, and the movie, and understandably praising both DeNiro and the movie. The actor is totally convincing as the boxer, in splendid physical shape, bone-crunchingly believable as victor and vanquished, and just as authentic when, having put on about 60 pounds to play La Motta in decline, he opens and closes the movie with brief vignettes set in the mid-1960s, Jake having by then become a minor, very minor, nightclub comic, boozer, and bounder.

Raging Bull is now at the tail end of its national popularity, having opened in December, and you have heard and read a great deal about it and most likely seen it. I don't intend to add unnecessarily to the adulation of its star, its co-stars (Cathy Moriarty as Jake's wife and Joe Pesci as his brother, especially), or of the compelling black and white photography, or of the remarkably moving film itself; only to connect *Raging Bull* to the general concern here, the triumph of the will. La Motta demonstrated, as well as anybody in his field, how vital a part determination plays in overcoming impediments. He *willed* himself to the championship, devoted himself to it, and won. When he willed himself into paranoia, into sloth, bitterness, cruelty, sleaze, he got what he aimed for: defeat, disgrace, humiliation, despair. Nothing had changed in Jake La Motta, both the real Jake and DeNiro's hauntingly effective Jake, but attitude and orientation. The body succumbed to grossness because the mind lost its determination to transcend the flesh. *Raging Bull* is the agonized portrait of a resolute soul splintering into banality and aimless fury. It is a caution.

In one sense, all of human life is the story of a contest, between will and willed-upon, between mind and matter, or, if you'll permit, spirit and flesh. But a firm focus on that contest is hard to achieve, most of the time, because it is so often taken for granted. It says something of our times that, alone among the popular arts, only the cinema attempts more than a casual examination, and that rarely enough, of the battle we ceaselessly, if often unknowingly, wage. ❑

LR's film critic also reviews for WNAC-TV (CBS), WHDH-AM, and *The Boston Herald American.* He hosts "The David Brudnoy Show" on radio and "Nightscene" on television, writes a nationally syndicated newspaper column, and reviews books for a number of journals.

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"Jack Lemmon's performance as Scottie in Bernard Slade's maudlin, sentimental play, Tribute, *is Oscar-nominee material, if only because Hollywood loves a good cry."*

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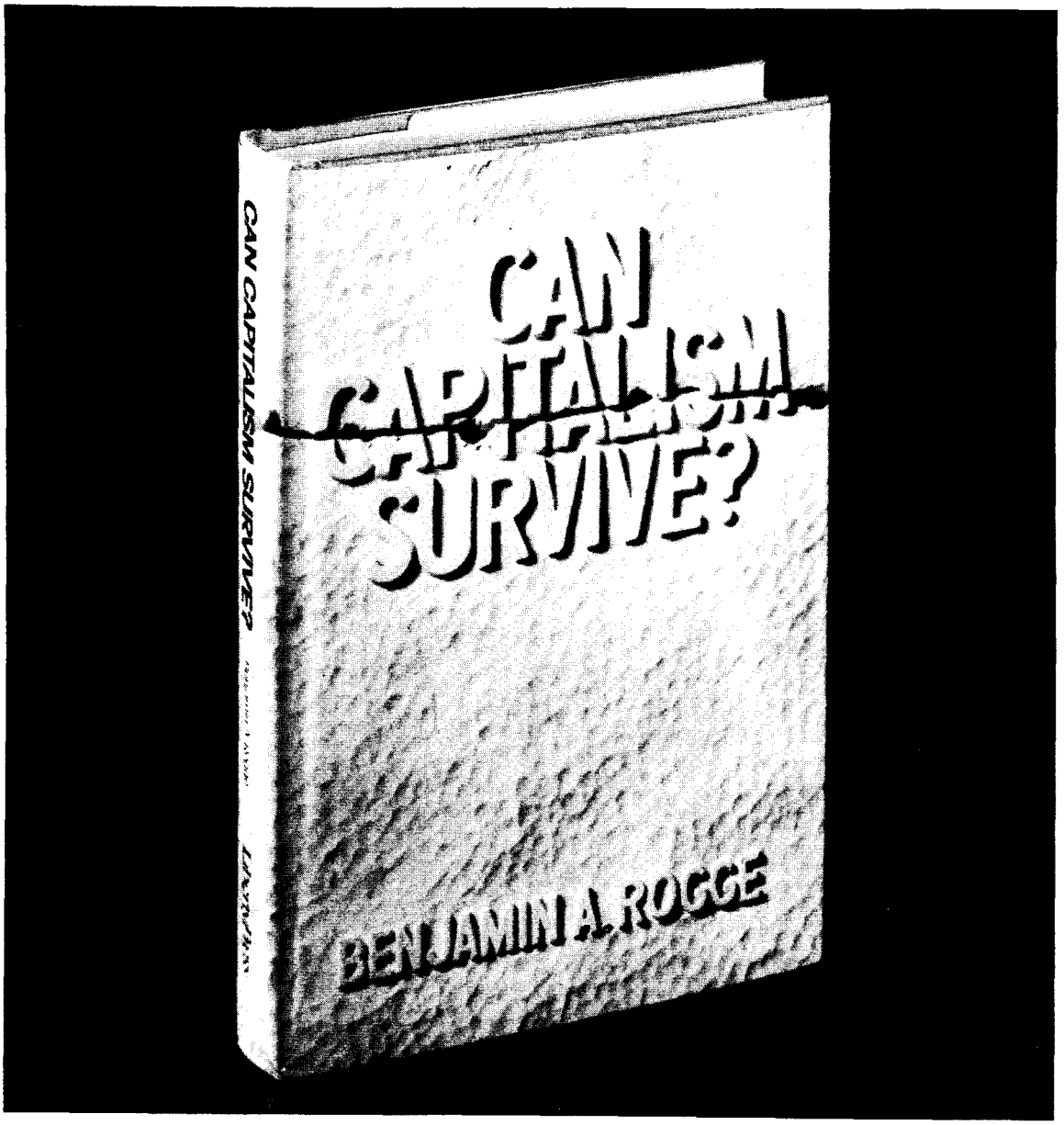

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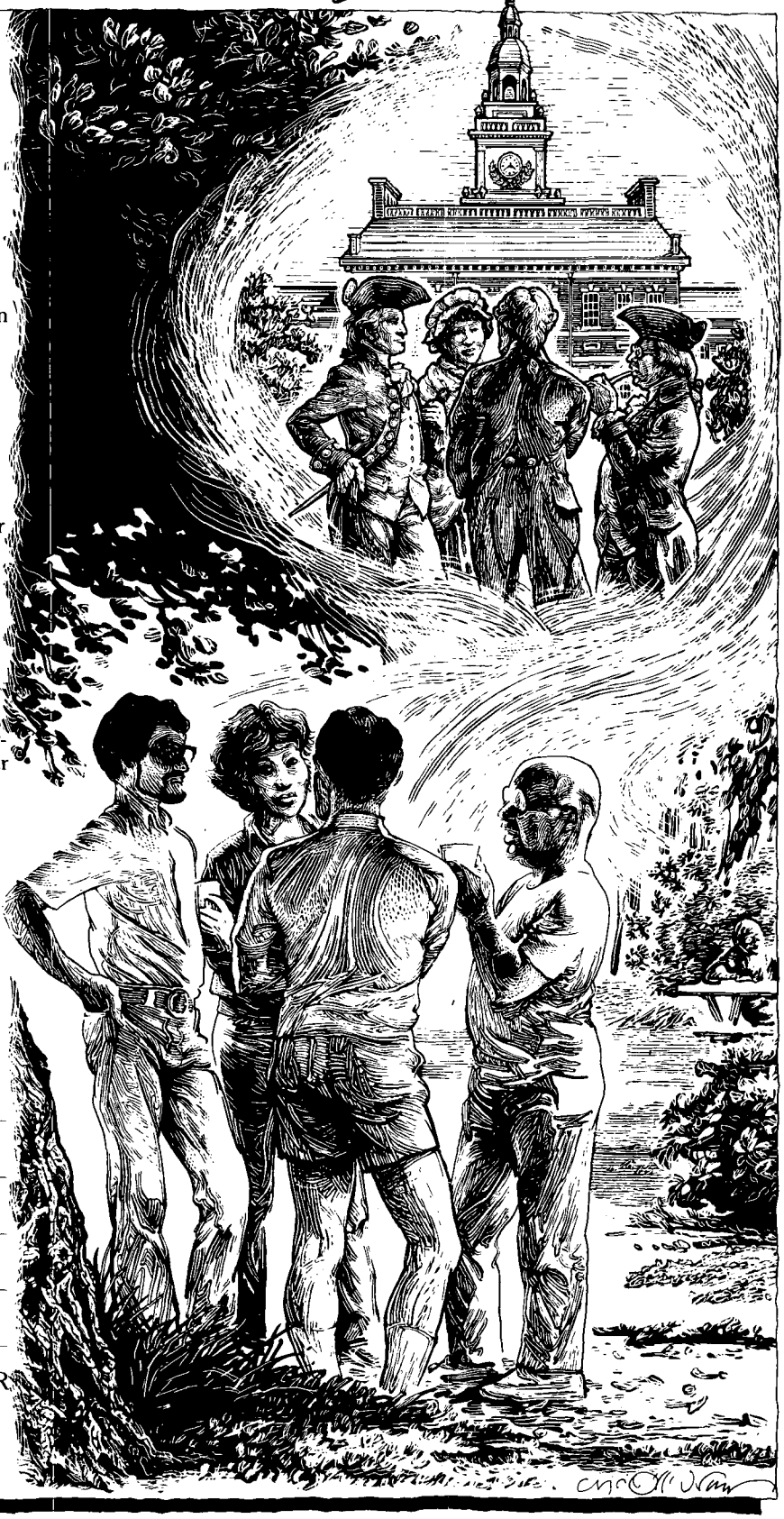

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